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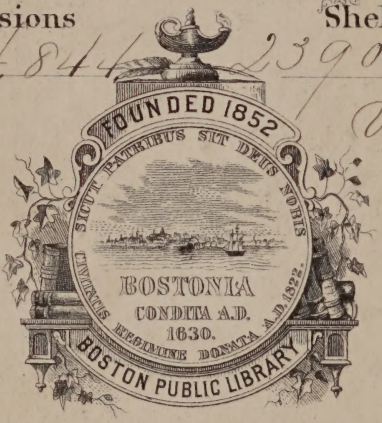

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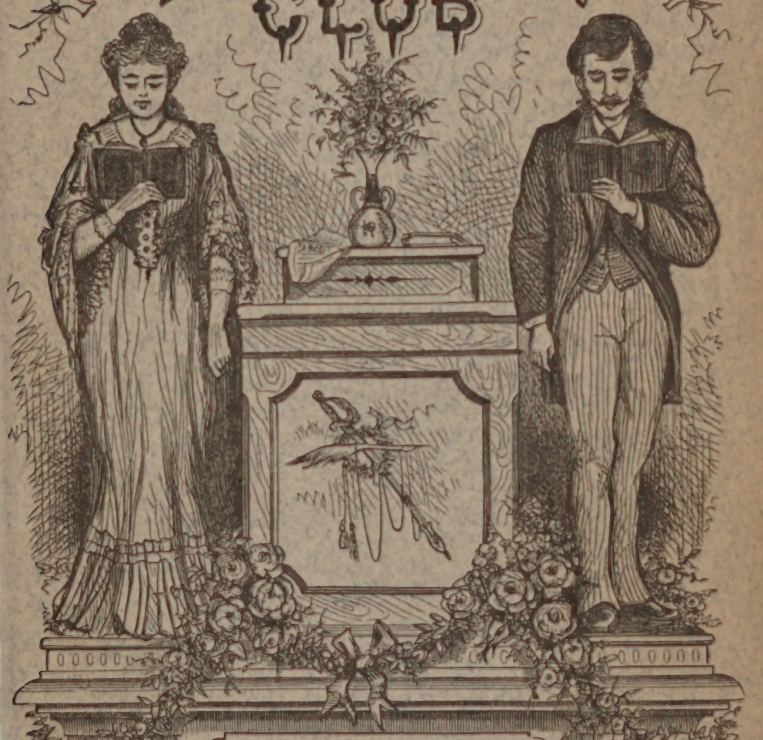
THE READING CLUB

50 SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY



EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON

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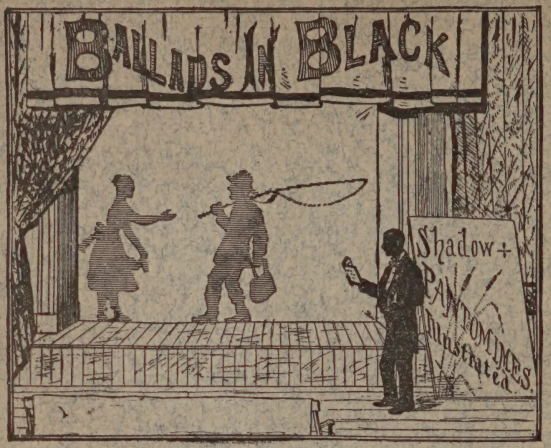

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FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

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EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 11.

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word, there first came one daughter,
And then came another, to second and third
The request of their brother, and to hear how the water
Comes down to Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation for their recreation
That so I should sing; because I was laureate to them and the king.

From its sources which well in the tarn on the Fell;
From its fountains in the mountains,
Its rills and its gills, through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps for a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake. And thence at departing,
Awaking and starting, it runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds, through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade, and through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry, helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling; now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in, till in this rapid race
On which it is bent, it reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging as if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among; rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing, eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,
Around and around with endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding, dizzying and deafening
The ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going, and running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and flittering, and gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening, and quivering and shiving,
And hurrying and skurrying, and thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A GLIMPSE OF DEATH.*

CLEVELAND hastened down the track in the bright starlight, and arrived at the tank referred to by the two tramps, just in time. For scarce had he retreated into a clump of weeds, when the freight train made its appearance and stopped for water. Ben had now some experience in boarding trains, and in a quiet, stealthy manner crept along the sides of the cars, with a watchful eye and ear for the train men. At last he found one with an end window open. It proved to be a box-car loaded with lumber, with just the nicest little place in the world for a man to stow himself away in. The lumber was piled up to within a few inches of the roof, but between the ends of the planks and the end of the car was a space about three feet wide, in which he hastened to lower himself with a congratulatory chuckle.

By feeling the boards he discovered that the load consisted of inch planks, of dressed lumber, for some three feet from the car floor, after which followed two-inch planking. The ends of the top load of two-inch stuff projected a foot or more, like a verandah roof, over the inch boards, and made him quite as cosy and comfortable a little house as the heart of a tramp could desire. What is more it was warm and clean, and our traveller stretching himself on the floor of his apartment, was soon sound asleep, with the song of the wheels and the response of the ringing rails in his ears for a lullaby.

* From A TIGHT SQUEEZE. The adventures of a gentleman, who, on a wager of ten thousand dollars, undertook to travel from New York to New Orleans without money or the aid of friends. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

Long he slept, and well; until wicked dreams came to abuse his curtained sleep. First they intruded upon him in the shape of great, glorious, gray eyes and a nubia, and several moments of ecstasy were passed in the company thereof. Indeed, many men can make love better asleep than they can when awake, and who of the sterner sex, when young and lusty in the full vigor of brand-new manhood, has not had those luscious dreams, a counterpart of which it would be impossible for reality to produce! If there be him who has not had them — he has our sympathy. Nature has withheld from him one of the choicest bonbons in her basket.

So Ben dreamed. He was with *her*. His arm was around her graceful form. Her hand was in his, her heart beating against his heart, her warm breath on his cheek, his eyes looking into hers. She murmured love, confidence, and endearments. He talked heroically, and felt the cup of his happiness full to running over. But there came a change. Suddenly a tall dark man came between them, and attempted to separate the lovers. She clung about his neck and prayed him to save her. But the dark man overpowered him. He tore her from his arms and wound his own with an iron grip about Ben's form. He struggled to release himself. His struggles were futile. Closer and closer grew the embrace. It seemed as though it was crushing in his bones. He could not breathe with it. It had assumed the coils of a gigantic serpent, and fold upon fold was wrapped around his body and tightening upon it. He writhed and groaned in agony. His breath came short and thick. His head seemed a molten mass of fire, bursting with the pressure. His eyes started from their sockets. Yet closer, still closer, the folds drew about him, and the dark face of the man became the hideous, gaping mouth of a serpent, that licked him with its forked tongue, and whose hiss sounded deafening in his ears, while its bright, devilish little eyes gloated on him with terrible intent.

With a yell of fear and agony he awoke!

His clothes were wringing with sweat, and the perspiration was pouring from his body, All was dark,— Egyptian darkness,— a fearful, appalling black!

And though awake, the iron folds still held him in their terrible embrace. Was he awake! Was it real! Was it not some horrible nightmare that still accompanied him!

What was this iron hand that clutched him? What these terrible coils about his person, squeezing life out of him? What this hot, close burning breath he felt?

Arouse you, Ben, arouse and pray! Pray! Pray as you never prayed in your life before! The Gates of Eternity are swinging ajar, and you are to have a glimpse of DEATH.

One hand, partly released, he extended upward. Horror! It struck against a solid wall of lumber that completely closed him in, and converted his chamber into a living tomb. But *there* was not death. No, no. That was but the *trap*. Death came surging down upon him in the shape of four thousand feet of lumber, moving slowly, noiselessly, but oh, how fearful and sure, upon his devoted body, as the train toiled up a heavy grade. Already the mass had pinned him to the end of the car so that he could not move his body. It was crushing in his ribs. He found it hard to breathe. His head was on fire. He yelled and shrieked for help. Prayed; entreated; supplicated. All in vain. The revolving wheels crunched out a dismal monody beneath him. Requiem for a dying soul. And afar off could be heard the groaning of the locomotive as it toiled up the steep mountain side.

Horrible fancies took possession of him. He thought himself dead and laughed deliriously. Then, in saner moments, he called upon his God to end his torture, and send a speedy death to his release. A release from the slow, lethargic, creeping monster, that was sucking up his life atom by atom; hair's breadth by hair's breadth. In those few awful moments the panorama of his life was unfolded, and the dead past resurrected, revealing itself more palpable to him than the living present. Worse than the tortures of the Inquisition, where weights were heaped upon the breast of a prostrate man, were now upon him. Shorter and shorter came his breath. He hated to die! He would not! He could not! Ha, ha! The great, dull, shapeless fiend that was crushing out his existence seemed to laugh at him derisively. Blood started from his nostrils; water gushed from his eyes; and the fiend with one great yell closed a last clutch upon his life, and he was released from his agony.

When Ben recovered consciousness he was lying on the floor of the car, and a kind, rough face was bending over

him. There was plenty of room about him. The last yell of the fiend that was smothering him, when he lost consciousness, was the whistle of the locomotive announcing that it had reached the summit of the grade. In the descent on the other side, the lumber had moved away from him as steadily as it had before moved down upon him. Had the up grade lasted but a short distance further, his tramp would have been over forever. There was blood upon his face as a reminder of the agony he had passed through, and he felt weak, limp and lifeless, while the clear sunlight was streaming in upon him from the open end gate.

"That was a pretty close call, my friend," said the brakeman, who in going over the cars had chanced to look in at the open window and noticed our friend stretched lifeless upon the floor. Though it was nearly an hour after he had received the squeeze, the man readily understood the situation and the peril Ben had passed through. "That was a pretty close call on you."

"It was that," faintly responded Ben.

"I remember you," continued the man; "you are the tramp that whipped Joe Brown at Harrisburg yesterday. I don't approve of fighting, but I'm glad you gave *him* a beating. He's the biggest bully on the road, and takes a delight in thumping men smaller than himself. Where are you bound for? St. Louis, hey. And you ain't got no money? No. Well there are a great many travelling in your fix, nowadays, and our orders are very strict about putting them off the trains. But I'll break rules this time, and won't know that you're here."

Ben looked his gratitude, and pressed the man's hand.

"You can stay safely here now," he continued, "for the road's pretty level for some miles yet. When we are to go up the mountains I'll come back here and show you another car that's filled with barrels, and you can get in at the end window and go safe to Altoona."

"God bless you!" said Ben, fervently. "I feel very weak."

"Yes, I see you do," and a look of sympathy came over the great, rough, grimy face of the brakeman, and looked well there, although the face was badly mottled with coal-dust and tobacco-juice. "I see you do, partner. And it's agin rules bad, and they *are* strict, but when this crew

changes at Altoona, I'll give you a good word with the man that takes my place, and you may be able to make it to Pittsburg. There'll be down brakes in a minute, for a crossing, and I must go. So long." And his burly figure crawled through the window, and out on the roof of the car.

Ben had closed his eyes for a moment, when they again opened to see the face of the brakeman, upside down at the end gate, he being extended flat on the roof of the car.

"I say, partner, that was pretty close, wasn't it?"

Ben nodded.

"Was yer *prepared*, partner?"

Ben looked his surprise.

"Did you know who shoved that there lumber back off of ye?"

Our friend shook his head doubtfully.

"God did it, partner. You might say a word of thanks, if yer felt so inclined. So long." And the dirt-begrimed, tobacco-painted face disappeared.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEEDLE.

So that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,
An' a square lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
Wid a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!
An' look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the tracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him with that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but boldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I am sorry you're dead;
An' whin laving this wontherful needle behind
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,
Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre or needle again,
An' a poor little asp did yer bizzness at last!

CORMAC O'LEARY.

THE RED O'NEIL.

HIGH over Galway's stormy tide, in years that long have flown,
A grim and gloomy castle raised its mass of sombre stone:
The sullen flood that by it rolled was not more dark and drear,
And when its great, black portals swung, the land was full of fear.

Its chieftain was the Red O'Neil, a warrior brave and bold,
But hate's fierce longing filled his heart and made it hard and cold;
And when his plume and banner flew along the restless seas,
The bitter wailing of his foes rose through the rising breeze.

His keen sword never proved untrue, his lance was sharp
and sure;
His stout ship braved the roughest blast, his horse the
wildest moor;
The Saxon maidens shrank in dread when echoed through
the hall
His wrathful name, and warriors sprang where swords
hung on the wall.

Not long had Red O'Neil's bright sword been bitter to the
foe —
Not long his fiery soul had grown unheeding of their woe —
But now the sanguine flame that glowed along his foray's
path,
Shone with the lurid light that told a never-dying wrath.

Bright as the golden light that gleams among the morning
mist,
Was Lady Nora's yellow hair, when by the sunlight kissed;
The lustrous glory of her eyes, blue as a clear June sky,
Was rich with all the tenderness that gives love sweet
reply.

The dainty color of her lips, the fairness of her face,
The clinging of her little hand, her womanhood's pure
grace,
The music of her ringing voice, the gladness of her mien,
Had made the Red O'Neil bow low, and claim her as his
queen.

Beyond the stern and barren lands along the foaming sea,
Whose tempest-waves swept fiercely up from many a wide
degree,
Through plains all rich with bending wheat the rapid river
flowed,
And by the forest's dusky aisles its sunlit water glowed.

The far hills looming to the sky shone in the opal haze,
And robins sang their merry songs in all the orchard ways;
The harvesters were in the field, and herds with tinkling
bells,
Stood knee-deep in the fragrant grass that clothed the
southward dells.

Then proud with floating banners, and lances keen and strong,
A brave array of steel-clad knights up from the eastward throng;
King Henry's Saxon warriors sweep on with ruthless speed,
And death and ruin show the track of every snorting steed.

The Lady Nora's couchant hound, growls as he hears the clash
Of crossing swords, and spears that swift through shining bucklers crash;
Then springs to meet the knight, whose foot falls heavy on the stair,
While his fair mistress stands at bay, draped in dishevelled hair.

Woe! to the cruel hand that dealt such hard and dastard blow;
For down the broad stone steps, the streams of red blood slowly flow;
And close beside her faithful hound the Lady Nora lies;
Death's chill has stilled his loyal heart; death's cold has dimmed her eyes.

They brought the tidings to O'Neil. Out sprang his gleaming blade,
And quick a thousand stalwart men for battle stood arrayed;
Then swift along the river bank the clattering horses sped,
Their guides the ruined cottages, and peasants stark and dead.

For years, upon a lonely moor, heaped round with mossy stones,
Was seen a ghastly gathering of white and crumbling bones.
It marked the place where Red O'Neil rushed on De Courcy's spears,
And gave the Saxon maids and wives a heritage of tears.

The level lances grimly shone, and plumes were flying wide,
And then O'Neil's wild warriors charged, a shouting, surging tide;

And back and forth the mad ranks swayed, till in the hottest fray,
O'Neil and his black charger barred De Courcy's onward way.

The serried lines fell back, and left a narrow circle clear,
And firm each chieftain's strong hand grasped his battle-crimsoned spear;
Then spurring on their fiery steeds, they charge each other home,
And stout De Courcy's shattered mail grows red with bloody foam.

Then fled his knights, and carnage reigned. The dead lay white and still
Along the moor, and in the wood, and on the wind-swept hill.
Not one was left to tell how fierce and fell had been the fight,
But blazing castles told the tale amid the gloom of night.

The Lady Nora slept in peace, but vengeance in her name
Shone on the sea, and lit the land with many a baleful flame;
The terror of the Saxon lords, the chief with keenest steel,
And hand as tireless as his hate, was her liege-knight, O'Neil.

King Henry's warriors could not curb his red, destructive course,
And for long years his castle's wall braved all their mail-clad force;
He fought them till his hair was white, and weak and slow his breath,
And free, and dreaded by his foes, sank slowly into death.

Oh! would that Erin's cause now had ten thousand souls as strong,
Swayed, not by hate, but high resolve and scorn of kingly wrong;
Then would the beacon fires of hope light up the purple sky,
And from the hills, the Emerald flag of Erin's freedom fly!

THOS. S. COLLIER.

VIRGINNY!

BY S. N. COOK.

COME in, stranger, and rest a bit, an' let us have a talk —
The waggin' o' yer tongue won't weary you nigh as much as it does to walk;
You'll find things topsy-turvy, an' anything but neat,
But the backlog now is blazin', an' throwin' out the heat;
It will take the frosts outen yer jints, you can go then feelin' prime;
But the fire can't do that for me — I'm stiff with the frosts o' time.

I tell ye, mister, I'm lonesome, too, for thar's just the dog an' me,
That's ben runnin' things hyere in the cabin, sence Virginny left Tennessee.
Virginny's my gal, or us' ter be, she's marrid now, an' livin' in style,
I've ben up North to see her; jes ben home but a little while;
I tell ye, stranger, I'm lonesomer now than ever I've ben in my life,
'Ceptin' once — when Samantha war buried — Samantha, she war my wife.

I wish yer could a' seen Virginny when she war about sixteen.
It don't sound smart for a father to brag — in fact, I think it looks green;
But it wasn't her beauty I war thinkin' about; 'tain't o' that I war gwine to brag;
'Twas the grit o' the gal, I hed in my mind, an' the love she hed for the flag.
Which flag? Good Lord, my friend, why, we war squar' an' true,
Or my gal would never hev married that Yank, that wore the Union blue.

You want to hear the story, hey? 'Twan't much of a one, I 'low,
But it made Virginny a lady—wall, she war one, anyhow.—
But she hed no book larnin', 'cept what she larnt o' me;

For schools war a mighty scarce thing, my friend, on the mountains o' Tennessee.
But it made little odds to that young Yank, when he thought she'd saved his life,
An' he wrote to his dad, — a rich ole chap, — "I've a heroine for my wife!"

But I'm gittin' ahead o' my story. 'Twar the winter o' sixty-three,
When a Yank that had ben a prisoner war a makin' for liberty.
He had crawled right up to the cabin, an' hadn't made a sound,
An' Virginny an' me had no idee thar war any one around,
'Till we heerd the faintest rappin' — wasn't sure it war a rap —
"Go to the door," says I to Virginny. "Please do you go this time, pap."

Them war her words. It war mighty strange! she hed never refused before,
An' there she stood, like a gal o' stone, starin' hard at the door.
For the very fust time in her life, I think, her face war as pale as death,
When the bay of a bloodhound, clus by the door, made her fer to gasp for breath.
She hed a sharp knife in her hand jest then, an' when I opened the door,
The houn' hed jest sprung on the shiverin' Yank, an' bore him down to the floor.

Virginny, she sprung towards 'em — she caught a glimpse o' his clothes;
In less 'n a minnit the blood o' that dog on the floor o' the cabin flows.
She made short work o' that animal; every blow she reached his heart,
An' the glare in her eyes war that wild, sir, that it farly made me start.
Her voice rang out like a bugle, "Hyere, pap, you bury the houn',
An' I'll wash up this blood, for thar's more'n dogs that's huntin' this soldier down!"

There was no tremblin' o' her voice, no fear about her then;
If they'd come a-huntin' him, she'd fought a dozen men
With that butcher-knife, jest as she did the houn';
But the Yank spoke to her softly, an' she kind o' quieted down,
An' went up to him shy-like, as though she war afraid
O' the man whose trip to eternity she had so much delayed.

Lord, how he thanked us. It sounded mos' like a prar;
The tears war a-glistenin' in Virginny's eyes as she bent over him thar,
A-drinkin' his words, for hyere war a chap that she had longed to see,
A brave man from the North, that fought for the flag o' the free.
"How can I ever repay you," said he, "for this great kindness shown?"
Her lips never moved, but her eyes kind o' said, "By claimin' me for your own!"

But the thought never entered her mind, yer know, 'bout her bein' his wife;
To the simple gal he war a part of herself, sence she hed saved his life.
People love years in moments, sometimes; these two did that day,
When their eyes first met, when the dog let go, as his life-blood ebbed away.
The free heart of Virginny, my gal so brave an' true,
Was prisoned that day with another, that beat 'neath a suit o' blue.

CONVENT-ROBBING.

(OLD STYLE.)

MAY Margaret felt a cold cloud come down on her—
They made her a nun, and put a black gown on her;
Young Roland went white
Thro' the winter moonlight,
Looming tall in the breath of the frost every night,
And gazed at the convent, and planned how to win her there,

And his cheek gathered dew 'till the dawn and grew thinner there.

"A ruse, ho, a ruse!" cried his brother, Clerk John, to him,
When in vain both the monks and leeches had gone to him,
"Cease to fume and to frown,
Close thine eyes, lie thee down,
Stretch thee straight on a bier in thy chilly death-gown;
The great bell shall ring, and thy house gather gloom in it,
While I'll to the convent, and beg thee a tomb in it!"

The convent bell tolls, hung with black are the porches there,
Come tall, black pall-bearers and pages with torches there,
Then the bier — and thereon
The pale youth dead and gone!
And behind, grim as Death, weeping sore, goes Clerk John;
And the chapel is dark, as the bearers pace slow in it,
And all the black nuns stand with lights in a row in it.

Ah! chill is the chapel, the great bell chimes weary there,
Black bearers, black nuns, and black pages look dreary there;
The youth lies in death,
Not a syllable saith;
But the tiny frost cloud on his lips is his breath! —
And the shroud round his limbs hath bright armor of steel in it,
And his hand, gloved in mail, grips the sword it can feel in it!

Ho, she screameth, — May Margaret! kneels by the side of him! —
"White Mary above, be the guardian and guide of him!
They plighted us twain,
Yet we parted in pain,
And ah! that so soon I should clasp him again!"
Wan, wan, is her cheek, with dim torchlight the while on it —
Does she dream? Has the face changed? And is there a smile on it?

She holds his cold hand to her heart, and doth call on him;
Drop by drop, warm and scented, her tender tears fall on him;

The nuns, sable-gowned,
Chanting low, stand around;
Clerk John bites his lips, with his eyes on the ground.
"Dear heart! that we meet but in woe such as this again!"
Then she kisses his lips! Does she dream? Did he kiss again?

Who opens the door with a terrible shout at once?
A great wind sweeps in and the lights are blown out at once!
The Abbess screams low,
Moan the nuns in a row,
Thro' the porch sweeps the wind and the sleet and the snow,
But the moon thro' the quaint-colored windows is beaming now, —
And wonderful shapes round the bier gather gleaming now! —

The sable pall-bearers and pages are new-arrayed
In armor that glitters like golden dew arrayed!
How chill the moon glows!
How it blows! How it snows!
Yet May Margaret's cheek is as red as a rose!
And "a miracle," murmurs the Abbess so holy now,
For shiningly vested the dead rises slowly now,

He draweth May Margaret's sweet blushing cheek to him,
She kisses him softly, yet strives not to speak to him.
The nuns, sable-gowned,
Shiver dismally round,
As he lifteth the great sable pall from the ground
And turneth it deftly, and flingeth it over her, —
And a mantle of ermine doth clothe her and cover her!

On the floor of the chapel their footfalls sound hollow now,
Clerk John and the rest very silently follow now . . .
Hark! Is it the beat
Of horses' feet?
Or the wind whistling in snow and in sleet?
Down the aisles of the chapel the wild echoes die away,
While fast in the snow storm the happy ones hie away!

"Saints," crieth the Abbess, "pour down your dole on us!
To take our sweet sister the devil hath stole on us!"

And the nuns in a row,
Murmur slyly and low —
"Ah! would he might come unto *us* also!"
And they look at the bier, with the tingle of sin on them,
And the moon blushes faintly, still glimmering in on them.

Ay, fast in the snow-storm gallop the lovers now!
Young Roland's warm castle their merriment covers now!
To the bower they have run,
For the bridal is done,
And the jolly old priest hath made them one;
"May all who love true," cries the youth, "win such kisses, dear,
Die such death,— and be tombed in a bower such as this is, dear!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

"NAUGHT to be done" — eh? It was that he said,
The doctor, as you stopped him at the door?
Nay, never try to smile and shake thy head,
I could ha' told thee just as well afore.
I haven't lived these thirty years to want
Parsons or women telling what is nigh,
When the pulse labors and the breath is scant,
And all grows dim before the glazing eye.

I felt that something gave here, at my heart
In that last tussle, down there on the Scar.
Nay, never cry, fond lassie as thou art,
Thou wilt do fine without me — better far.
Thou'st been a good and patient wife to me,
Sin' that spring day, last year, when were wed.
I never meant so cold and strange to be,
Come, an' I'll tell thee. Sit here by my bed,

So, where the sunshine rests upon thy hair,
It shows almost as smooth and bright as hers,
The girl I wooed in Dunkerque, over there —
Fie, how the thought the slackening life-blood stirs!
Oh, wild black eyes, so quick to flash and fill!
Oh, rich red lips, so ripe for kiss and vow!
Did not your spell work me enow of ill,
That you must haunt and vex me even now?

I swore, as we drove out into the gale,
And staggering down mid-channel went the boat,
Never at Dunkerque Pier to furl my sail,
While I and the old Lion kept afloat;
The pier where she and her French lover laughed
At the poor trusting fool who had his due;
Quick though his hand flew to his keen knife's haft,
The English fist was yet more quick and true.

She and her beaten sweetheart, do they prate
Yet of her triumph? Let them, an' they please.
I shall know naught about it, lying straight
Up on the headland, 'neath the tall fir-trees.
I wish I could ha' been content, my lass,
With thee, and thy blue eyes and quiet ways;
Thou hast thy bairn, and as the calm years pass,
Thou wilt forget thy stormy April days.

Thou'rt young and bonnie still, my wench. Thou'lt make
A happy wife yet. Choose some quiet chap
Who'll love the little 'un for thy sweet sake,
And bear thee to some inland home, mayhap.
We're rough and stern, we on the sea-board bred,
And can't forget, or smooth a rankling wound.
Come close; there's just one thing left to be said,
Before I'm dumb forever, underground.

Last night they watched the life-boat driven back,
The rocket battling vainly with the blast,
While the good bark, amid the roar and wrack,
Drove headlong — struck — and lay there hard and fast.
They neither saw nor heeded; as the flash
Of cold blue fire lit all, above, below,
The French flag flying o'er the whirl and crash
"Louise, Dunkerque," the letters on her prow.

I saw, plunged, fought, and reached the sinking bark,
The old hot poison fierce in every vein,
Seized on two sailors shrieking in the dark,
Bore them to land, and turned to swim again,
Clasping the rigging yet one man I found;
I caught him, struggled on; the beach was near,
"Louise!" he gasped; and, mid the roar around,
I knew the voice last heard on Dunkerque Pier.

The murderer's lust surged to the throbbing heart,
The murderer's cunning loosed the saving hand.
'Twas but to let him go; I'd done my part —
Praised and avenged! Why; thus 'twere well to land.
But she — No cloud on her bright life should rest,
An' I could ward it; love and hate at strife
A moment; then, snatched from the breaker's crest
I dragged him, stunned and bleeding, back to life.

Somehow I hurt myself, and so it's over,
And better so for all. Thou'lt rear the lad
To make some Yorkshire lass an honest lover,
Nor tell him all the wrong his mother had;
And sometimes — for thou'rt kind — when stars are out
In the green country where no tempests blow,
Thou'lt say, "Thy father had his faults, no doubt,
But still he died to save his bitterest foe."

MAGNIFICENT POVERTY.

POVERTY in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will towards effort, and the whole soul towards aspiration. Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings toward the ideal life. The rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse amusements, racing, hunting, dogs, cigars, gaming, feasting, and the rest; busying the lower portions of the soul at the expense of its higher and delicate portions. The poor young man must work for his bread; he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more but revery. He goes free to the play which God gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the flowers, the children, the humanity in which he suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he looks at creation so much that he sees God. He dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again, and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism of the suffering man, he passes to the compassion of the contemplating man. A wonderful feeling springs up within him, forgetfulness of self, and pity for all.

In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which nature

offers, gives and gives lavishly to open souls, and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires of money. All hatred goes out of his heart in proportion as all light enters his mind. And then is he unhappy? No. The misery of a young man is never miserable. The first lad you meet, poor as he may be, with his health, his strength, his quick step, his shining eyes, his blood which circulates warmly, his black locks, his fresh cheeks, his rosy lips, his white teeth, his pure breath, will always be envied by an old emperor. And then every morning he sets about earning his bread; and while his hands are earning his living, his backbone is gaining firmness, his brain is gaining ideas. When his work is done, he returns to ineffable ecstasies, to contemplation, to joy; he sees his feet in difficulties, in obstacles, on the pavement, in thorns, sometimes in mire: his head is in the light. He is firm, serene, gentle, peaceful, attentive, serious, content with little, benevolent; and he blesses God for having given him these two estates which many of the rich are without; labor which makes him free, and thought which makes him noble.

VICTOR HUGO.

O'THELLO.

O'THELLO was a sojer bould,
  Though black he was be nature;
To Disdemony he was wed —
  An innocent young crayture.

Wid her he lived in payce an' quiet,
  For she was no vyrago,
Till on a cursed night he met
  A villin called Iago.

Sez he, "Yer wife's a perjured jade;
  Och! she's a faithless lassie — oh!
She doesn't care two pins for you,
  But she'd give her two eyes out for Casshio!

"Wid him she galivants about
  All in her hours of laysure;
To him she gave her handkerchief,
  All for to wipe his rayshure!"

Wid that he fell into a rage,
An' riz a wondhrous riot,
An' swore he'd murdther her that night,
Whin everything was quiet.

But not wid dagger, nor with dirk,
For that would raise a foul sthir,
But he'd take an' blow the candle out,
An' smother her wid the boulsther.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

WASHEE, WASHEE.

BROWN John, he bends above his tub
In cellar, alley, anywhere
Where dirt is found, why John is there;
And rub and rub and rub and rub.
The hoodlum hisses in his ear;
"Get out of 'ere, you yeller scrub!"
He is at work, he cannot hear;
He smiles that smile that knows no fear;
And rub and rub and rub and rub,
He calmly keeps on washing.

The politicians bawl and crow
To every idle chiv. and blood,
And hurl their two hands full of m
"The dirty Chinaman must go!"
But John still bends above his tub,
And rub and rub and rub and rub;
He wrestles in his snowy suds
These dirty politicians' duds;
And rub and rub and rub and rub,
He calmly keeps on washing.

"Git out o' here! ye haythin, git!
Me Frinch ancisthers fought and blid
For this same freedom, so they did,
An' I'll presarve it, ye can bit!
Phwat honest man can boss a town?
Or burn anither Pittsburg down?
Or beg? Or strike? Or labor shirk

Phile yez are here an' want to work ?
Git out, I say! ye haythin, git!"
And Silver Jimmy shied a brick
That should have made that heathen sick;
But John, he kept on washing.

Then mighty Congress shook with fear
At this queer, silent little man,
And cried, as Congress only can:
"Stop washing and get out of here!"
The small brown man, he ceased to rub,
And raised his little shaven head
Above the steaming, sudsy tub,
And unto this great Congress said,
Straightforward, business-like and true:
"Two bittee dozen washee you!"
Then calmly went on washing.

Oh! honest, faithful little John,
If you will lay aside your duds,
And take a sea of soap and suds
And wash out dirty Washington;
If you will be the Hercules
To cleanse our stables clean of these
That all such follies fatten on,
There's fifty million souls to-day
To bid you welcome, bid you stay
And calmly keep on washing.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

LAST UPON THE ROLL.

SHE sits at the open window, on a calm September day,
And out on the mead before her she watches the girls at play;
A gentle breeze blows on her face, and kisses her locks of snow,
And she thinks of the days when she was young, seventy years ago.

The fields are green as they were then, and the big old rocks as gray,
The land and sky as fair to see, the sun has as mild a ray;

The drowsy kine rest on the hill, the sheep skip to and fro,
Just as they did when she was young, seventy years ago.

. . . . . .

The sturdy youth, with dancing eyes and the vigor of lusty veins,
Jumps on the colt and o'er the fence, to show no fear restrains;
Full well he knows that a neighbor's rose is watching behind a tree,
And her maiden pride, at love's full tide, follows him over the lea.

The lowly cot, the mansion high, cover hill and dale the same,
And wealth's the pride of old and young, and poverty the shame;
And the bright blue eyes of the cottage maid are cast demurely down,
As she bends before a sister proud who wears a silken gown.

Better the maid in kersey frock and glow and bloom of health,
Than the pale and sickly farthingale arrayed in brutal wealth;
Alas for honest industry, which has the load to bear!
It is to sneer at poverty that fools their diamonds wear;

Alas for the dust from which we're made! alas for common sense!
Where manhood's true and blood is blue, there's need of no pretence.
If none there were to envy wealth or gape in stupid awe,
More worthless would its jewels be than a donkey's wisp of straw.

. . . . . .

She looks at her shrivelled fingers and she smooths her wrinkled hand,
And the old, old love comes back to her as she studies the golden band;
That dear old ring is loose and thin since first he placed it there,
And at love's shrine he said "Be mine!" and knelt with her in prayer.

Eighty years of joys and tears through Time's sad chambers moan,
And still she hears in memory's ears a once familiar tone;
In long, sad notes to her it floats, and it tells of the olden time
When love was strong and life a song, and hope was in its prime.

A little beyond the playground, on the slope of yonder hill,
Her dim eyes mark the gravestones where those she loved lie still;
And her thought has silent nursing, and her soul a silent grief,
But her tears are the bier on which her sorrow finds relief.

Now her heart's as light as the morning, with wings of a soul made free,
And away, away to her loved ones she's now all love to flee;
And the God she adores so humbly and the Christ she loves so well
Will take her soon to the waiting ones, beyond life's weary spell.

And her staff is lifted slowly, and she moves around with care,
For her darlings now are sleeping — she might wake them unaware;
And she gropes around to find them, and to bless them in her soul,
When a whisper comes: "We're dead, mother, you are last upon the roll."

HUGH M. MCDERMOTT.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

I READ last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue, —
Two hundred thousand men in blue,
I think they said was the number,—
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,

The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of the people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber,—
Till I fell in a reverie sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.
And the streets of the city were white and bare
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
For into the square with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never stirred from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning:

Till it reached the Capitol square and wheeled
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well known form that in State and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation:
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,

Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead,— the men
Who perished in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly-starved of the prison-pen,
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright:
I thought — perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;
No mark — save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves — for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long till the morning gray,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,—
Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come; and I spake — and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

BRET HARTE.

GOING TOWARDS SUNDOWN.

A TRAVELLER came to our house one night,
'Twas just at the gloaming — the fading light
Was creeping slow to the West away,
Where the golden gate, for departing day,

Was opening wide in the rosy sky,
And she passed, with a kiss, and a last good-bye,
And a promise to send us a bright young day,
When the mists of the night should have cleared away.

The stranger stood in the cottage door,
And his length'ning shadow across the floor
Brought the host to his feet, who with outstretched hand
The sun-browned face of the traveller scanned.

"It is David Brown, as I live," quoth he,
"Come in, my old friend, and welcome be,
I had little thought this night to gaze
On this old playmate of boyish days."

Then they sat and talked by the waning light
And the autumn fire, far into the night,
Of boyhood's hours, and later, when
The passing years had made them men.

Of business projects, their hopes and fears,
Of the "ups and downs" in the changing years,
Of wives, and of children who of late
Were reaching up into man's estate.

He told us a tale of a checkered life,
With wanderings many, and changes rife,
Of perils braved, and of dangers passed,
And a weary wishing for rest at last.

The host sat listening to the end,
"'Tis truly a varied tale, my friend.
Whither I pray you now," said he,
"What may your plans for the future be?"

"I am going towards sundown, now," said he,
"The golden West my goal shall be,
I will buy me a ranche, and settle down,
And there'll be the end of David Brown!"

"Going towards sundown!" — then I mused
At the form of words the man had used,
And I looked at the locks of "iron gray"
That crowned these men, this autumn day.

And I thought of the golden sunset light,
I had seen o'er the western hills that night,
Of the beautiful promise of coming day,
When the mists of the night should have cleared away.

And may Life's swiftest sunset thus draw nigh
With a tinge of gold in the western sky;
May there be a promise of glorious day,
When the "night of death" shall have passed away.

Going towards sundown! — yes, 'tis best
That day-worn, toil-worn souls should rest;
The night must come — and "over the range,"
Already the shadows are new and strange.

And adown the western slope we see
The golden gate — the Pacific sea.
While the shadows deepen the landscape o'er,
And the lights are changing from shore to shore.

Going towards sundown! — peaceful all
Should the golden hues of Life's sunset fall,
And sweet the promise of coming day,
When the mists of night shall have cleared away

There's a golden gate in the *eastern* sky,
It opes for the morning that draweth nigh,
We're going towards sundown — never more
When the sun shall rise on the farther shore.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

"TREADWATER JIM."

"WHO's dat! W'y dat's Treadwater Jim —
De wust little nigger in town —
What de folkes all sez dey'll hang him.
'Kase w'y, hit don't seem he kin drown!
'He keeps hissef dere in de watah
'Bout half of his time in de year,
An' 'ef he's got enny home 'round hyar
Hit's out on de eend ob dat pier!

"Well, de name what he's gat — it was gin him,
By folkes what was kno'in' de facks,
Fer dey sed dat sum title was due him
'Kase he'd dun wun de nobles' of acks!
Ob koarse I kin tell yer de story,
'Kase I was rite dar on de spot,
An' ef Jim is entitull'd ter glory
He fa'rly earnt all dat he's got?

"Yer see, it was out on de wahf, dar,
Wun sunshiney mawnin' in May,
Dat little chile up fum de Nawf, sir,
Wus tooken out dar fer ter play;
An' Jim wuz out dar with his fish-line,
An' de nuss warn't a watchin' de chile,
So hit walk'd off rite inter der brine
At dat cornder dar by de big pile!

"Well, den dar wuz skreamin' and cryin'
Fum all de folkes 'round on de pier.
But Jim seed hit warn't no use tryin'
Ter reskew der chile fum up heah —
So he tuck er long dive fer de watah
An' struck whar de chile hed gone down,
An' hit tuck him so long fer ter fine hit
De peeple tho't bofe 'em would drown.

"But purty soon out in de streem dar
Er kinky black hed cum in site,
An' helt close ter his bres, wif bofe han's, sah,
Wuz de baby, all limpy an' white.
Den de moufs ob de peeple wuz opin'd
In er long an' enkuridgin' shout!
'Cum on wid de bote, men,' Jim hollered,
'I'll tread watah ontell yer git out.'

'Den dey bent ter dere ores like marsters
An' flew to whar Jim, wid de chile,
Wuz doin' his bes' ter keep floatin',
But weak'nin' hiz lick all de while.
Dey brought de two heah ter de landin'
An' de muther wuz crazy wid joy,
While de father jiss retch'd fer dat darkey
An' hugged him ez do' hiz own boy.

"So, yer see, dat's de reesin dey gib him
De name dat yer heer'd me jess call,
An' nobody bodders along wid Jim,
An' he does ez he pleeses wid all.
Ob koarse, what he done wuz rite brave, sah,
An' mebbe wuz worthy er crown,
But Jim! — well, Jim's jess de blamedes'
No 'count little nigger in town."

"OLD SI," *in Jacksonville Times.*

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house;
But vot off dot? he was mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit limburg cheese:
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo;
To make der schtiks to beat it mit, —
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;

But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

C. F. ADAMS.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS—WHAT HE SAYS.

MAYPE somedimes you don't half szeen
Mine fahder told vhen he vas peen
Szo vild almost as never vas
Mit me; hees Leedle Yawcob Strauss,
Und all apout thdose tings because
Vit me he wasn't haf szome ease,
Nor schmoke hees bipe, nor schleep in peese
Nor eats szome schmall limburger scheese;
Nor dakes hees peer nor saurkraout,
Ven Leedle Yawcob was apout.

Vell now! I shbiel hees lager peer?
Mine gootness! dot ish very queer;
Don't I haf seen him mit his handt,
Tdake vup some glass of lager, andt
Schoost ash he schmell him mit hees eye,
Shbiel him all in hees schtoomach? vy,
He shbiel more lager peer don I,
Andt thden he laff, und dance, und szing,
More like some poys don anythding.

I took der meezles; vell I shbose
Dot thdere vas blenty left of thdose;
I poots der schnuff inder hees kraout,
So it make him don't scheeze so loudt,
I haf der mumps; vot if I is?
Mine vace don't got szer far abart
Nor pe szo pig nor redt as his.

Und thden apout those limburg scheese;
Vell thdere I dhink dot I agrees
Mit him, dot it vos szomevat rouff,
But thden he szay vonce, dat enough
Vas schoost so petter nor a veest,

Und szo I think he kouldn't got
Enough, so scheap und quivck ash vot
He haf mit hees bipe full off dot.

Thdose milk-ban dot I learn to blay,
I get dot drouble in thdis way:
Poot pottom up across my knee,
Schoost ash I szeen him do to me,
I tumps upon him mit ter stdick,
Und make der music pooty qvick;
Vy ish it dot hees hed't vas shblit
Vith sooch a leedle noise, ven it
Don't preak oup mit der noise dot he
Make, ven he tump dot stdick on me?

Put ven I ask apout szome thdings,
Vot make hees nose szo redt, and prings
Der schoomth shbot oudt mitin his hedt;
I shbose dot I shall know apout
All of thdose thdings — ven I findt out,
Und szo I vait avhile, and szee
Vot der next drouble ish to pe,
Und if der meeschiefs thdake this blace,
I brays like vot dot fahder says
Tdake everyding dots in thdis house,
Put leave thdis leedle Yawcob Strauss.

ARTHUR DAKIN.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in the hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew —
Crew twice — and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sung the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy East;
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by — passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid this — in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this — the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow — he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume —
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dropping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped — her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

T. Buchanan Read.

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
Roamed by the sea one summer day,
Watching the great waves come and go,
Prattling, as children will, you know,
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings;
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach
An old boat cast upon the beach.
Helter-skelter, with merry din,
Over its sides they clambered in —
Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep
Higher, higher, up the sands,
Reaching out with their giant hands,
Grasping the boat with boisterous glee,
Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold;
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by:
And now, across the sunny sky,
A black cloud stretches far away,
And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on with flash and roar,
While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
The great waves, rolling from the West,
Bring night and darkness on their breast,
Still floats the boat through driving storm,
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, Seabird, lies
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies,
Her captain paces restless now;
A troubled look upon his brow,
While all his nerves with terror thrill;
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,
And grasps his arm with eager hands;
"A boat has just swept past," said he,
"Bearing two children out to sea;
'Tis dangerous now to put about,
Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Naught but their safety will suffice;
They must be saved!" the captain cries;
"By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel, life, and men,
And God will not forsake me then."

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to the call;
And when at last through driving storm,

They lifted up each little form,
The captain started with a groan,
"My God!" he cried, "they are my own."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN.

WELL, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, an' I called to see the boys.
I'm tired, an' more'n half deafened with the travel an' the noise;
So I'll sit down by the chimbly, and rest my weary bones,
And tell how I was treated by our 'ristocratic sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our Dan —
Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale business man.
I walked down from the depo'— Dan keeps a country seat —
An' I thought to go home with him, an' rest my weary feet.

All the way I kep' a thinkin' how famous it 'ud be
To go 'round the town together — my grown-up boy an' me —
An' remember the old times, when my little "curly head"
Used to cry out, "Good-night, papa!" from his little trundle-bed,

I never thought a minit that he wouldn't want to see
His gray an' worn old father, or would be ashamed of me.
So when I seen his office, with a sign writ out in gold,
I walked in 'ithout knockin'— but the old man was too bold.

Dan was settin' by a table, an' a-writin' in a book.
He knowed me in a second; but he give me *such* a look!
He never said a word o' you, but axed about the grain,
An' ef I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after Rob.
Dan said he lived upon a hill — I think they call it Nob;
An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me down,
Said, "Call an' see me, won't ye, whenever you're in town?'

It was ruther late that evenin' when I found our Robert's
house;
There was music, lights and dancin' and a mighty big
carouse.
At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned from ear to
ear,
Sayin' "Keerds ob invitation, or you nebber git in here."

I said I was Rob's father; an', with another grin,
The nigger left me stan'in' and disappeared within,
Rob came out on the porch — he didn't order me away;
But said he hoped to see me at his *office* the next day.

Then I started fur the tavern, fur I knowed there, anyway,
They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money fur to pay.
An' Rob an' Dan had left me about the streets to roam,
An' neither of 'em axed me if I'd money to git home.

It may be the way o' rich folks — I don't say 'at it is not —
But we remember some things Rob an' Dan have quite
forgot.
We didn't quite expect this, when, twenty years ago,
We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob an' Dan a
show.

I didn't look fur Charley, but I happened just to meet
Him with a lot o' friends o' his'n, a-comin' down the street.
I thought I'd pass on by him, for fear our youngest son
Would show he was ashamed o' me, as Rob an' Dan had
done.

But soon as Charley seen me, he, right afore 'em all,
Said: "God bless me, there's my father!" as loud as he
could bawl.
Then he introduced me to his frien's, and sent 'em all away,
Tellin' 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed me about the
house,
About you an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens, pigs, an' cows;
He axed about his brothers, addin' that 'twas ruther queer,
But he hadn't seen one uv 'em fur mighty nigh a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin', in an attic four stairs high —
He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer to the sky.
An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed is pretty wide,"
An' so we slep' together, me an' Charley, side by side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics' Fair,
An' some o' Charley's picters was on exhibition there.
He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped to, pretty soon,
He'd make us all a visit, an' "be richer than Muldoon."

An' so two days an' nights we passed, an', when I come away,
Poor Charley said the time was short, an' begged me fur to stay,
Then he took me in a buggy an' druv' me to the train,
An' said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we thought our Charley would never come to much;
He was always readin' novels an' poetry an' such.
There was nothing on the farm he ever seemed to want to do,
An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted me clear through!

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our own,
An' left poor Charley penniless to make his way alone;
He's only a poor painter; Rob and Dan are rich as sin:
But Charley's worth the pair of 'em, with all their gold thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our prattling babes — an' yet
It seems as if a mighty gulf 'twixt them an' us is set;
An' they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled journey's past,
An' rich an' poor are equal underneath the sod at last.

An' maybe when we all meet on the resurrection morn,
With our earthly glories fallen, like the husks from the ripe corn,
When the righteous Son of Man the awful sentence shall have said,
The brightest crown that's shining there may be on Charley's head.

J. G. SWINNERTON.

SUCKERS ON DE CORN.

CHILLUN, yo 'members las' June yo fader tuk a backer stick an' 'swaded yo froo de fiel's yankin' de suckers outen de hills ob corn. Yo kine o' hung back an' grunted wid yo spines, an' made faces at de ole man wen his back woz to'ards yo; but de gentle 'fluence ob de backer stick moved yo ter snatch out de suckers, an' de conserkwence am dat yo hab had plenty corn bread an' hominy free times a day 'sides de ros'in eahs an' parchin'.

Now yo hab jess 'gin ter tackle a wuss job o' suckerin' den ol de cornfields in dis township ob which yo fader am de presidin' jestis ob de peece.

Yo dunno dat? Den lissen while I tole yo.

Yo ol am growin' jess like dem hills ob corn. Yo hez got ter hab de suckers pulled outen yo, or dey'll 'sorb ol de varchu, jess like dey does from de corn, an' yo grows up inter spinlin' manhood dat makes nuffin' but nubbins an' smut bols ter rot down 'mong de weeds an' cuckle-burrs bo life.

One ob dese suckers am fibbin'. Sneakin' off ter de skatin' ob Sundays an' comin' home tellin' yo fader yo hab bin ter Sabbaf skuls an' zibitin' de club-fut anjul keerds wot yo gits ob udder chillun, an' sayin' yo teecher done gib dem ter yo. Dis sucker grows rite inter de heart an' eat out truf and frenship an' 'onesty, an' ol dat makes de golden harbes' ob de soul.

You sees it wen yo fader ax yo ef yo chaws terbacker an' yo sez "no." He say "lemme look in yo mouf." Den yo swollers de cud an' goes down 'hind de hog-pen an' gits weak an' sick; an' den yo kinder dubbles up an' feels like ebery pore ob yo skin was froin' out death an' haf-chawed hominy.

Yo sees de fibbin sucker in de hart wen a man say de mule am gentle as a kitten, an' yo heahs ob an' inkwes free days arter de trade.

Yo sees it in politics wen a man say de 'posed candidate let his own fader die in de pooh-house; an' arter de 'lection yo fines out de man's fader died ob eatin' water-milyuns wen his son was a kid.

Yo sees it at de grocery wen de clerk say de butter am fresh, an' yo takes it home an' fines it old nuff ter part its hair in de middle.

Yo sees it at de drug sto' wen a man say he am sick foh medikal purpus.

Yo sees it at de jestis ob de peece wen de lawyer say de prisner am not guilty an' yo fader fines him fifty cent fer corntemptin' de court dat knows de prisner am guilty.

Yo sees it in de pulpit wen de preecher say he 'spects his members will pay off ol de church det dis yeah.

Yo sees it in de paper wen de editor say de debbil cause dat mistake he done made las' week.

Yo sees it in de family wen company comes an' dey hugs de visitor at de doah an' gits out de bes' presarves an' kills chickens, an' puts on de bes' cups an' sassers, an' say, "Ise so glad you come. Wy, yo aint eatin' nuffin'. Try an' make out yo dinnah. Ef wed knod yo waz comin' we'd had sumfin' bettah." Den dey kisses dem good-bye an' slams de doah arter dey dribes away, an sez, "Stuffed and gone."

Dese am a few samples ob de fibbin suckers dat am spilein' de crap ob manhud de world am jess now weanin'.

Yo fader wants yo ter 'member de jintle voice ob de backer stick an' keep dese fibbin' suckers outen yo harts. He wants yo ter grow up like Jauge Washinton, wat nebber tole a fib, an' it made him sich a grate man dat wen he died de gubberment ob de Yoonited States git sich a big monument dey hab only got do foundashun laid in de fuss hundred yeah ob de enterprise.

Hap' me dat banjo. Yo fader will hash dis lesson inter rhyme, so dat ye 'members it:—

Dar's suckers in de corn, pull dem out;
Dey'll spile ol de crap ef dey stay;
An' suckers in de hart,
Ef dey wunce gits de start
Will spile ol de life some day.

Dars suckers in dat crap, see de corn;
Pooh nubbins dat de coon won't steal;
Dar suckers in de soul
Wen a man grows ole,
Wid a life like dat nubbin corn-field.

THE CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.

'WHY, Billy, your room is as cold as the hut
We had by the swamp and the river,
Where we lost our Major, and Tim, you know,
And sixty more with the fever."
"Well, Tom, old fellow, it's hard enough,
But the best at times knock under!
There's nary a stick of wood in the house
But that crutch in the corner yonder.

"Sorry I listed? Don't ask me that, Tom.
If the flag was again in danger,
I'd aim a gun with this aching stump
At the foe, were he brother or stranger.
But, I say, ought a wound from shot or shell,
Or a pistol bullet, by thunder!
Forever doom a poor fellow to want
With that ar in the corner yonder!

"That crutch, old comrade, ought ever to be
A draft at sight on the nation
For honor, respect, and a friendly hand;
For clothing, and quarters, and rations.
My wife? She begs at the Nugget House
Where the bigbugs live in splendor,
And brag o'er their wine of the fights that brought
Such as that in the corner yonder.

"And Charlie? He goes to some place up town —
Some ticket-for-soup arrangement,
All well enough for a hungry boy:
But, Tom, its effect is estrangement.
I'd sooner have kicked the bucket twice o'er,
By a shell or a round ten-pounder,
Than live such a life as I'm doing now,
With that ar in the corner yonder.

"There's nary thing left for to pawn or sell:
And the winter has closed on labor;
This medal is all that is left me now,
With my pistols and trusty sabre;

And then, by the sunlight above us, Tom,
No power from my trust can sunder
Save the Power that releases me at last
From that ar in the corner yonder.

"I can raise this arm that's left to me
To the blessed heavens above us,
And swear by the throne of the Father, the
And the angels all, who love us,
That the hand I lost and the hand I have
Were never yet stained by plunder;
And for love of the dear old flag I now
Use that ar in the corner yonder.

"Do I ask too much, when I say, we boys,
Who lost for the nation's glory,
Now that the danger is past and gone,
In comfort should tell our story?
How should we have fought when the mad shells screamed
And shivered our ranks, I wonder,
Had we known that our lot would have been to beg
With that ar in the corner yonder.

"There's little we hear of nowadays
But pardon and reconstruction,
While the sojer who fought and bled for both
Is left to his own destruction.
'Twould be well, I think, in these nipping times
For these Congress fellows to ponder,
And think of us boys who use such things
As that ar in the corner yonder."

JOHN MCINTOSH.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The conclusion of the first stanza of the following poem is used as an inscription for some of our national cemeteries, and there has been considerable inquiry as to its origin. The poem was written by Captain O'Hara of Kentucky, on the occasion of the removal to the cemetery at Frankfort of the remains of Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista: —

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight's haunts,
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife,
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are freed from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may
The raptures of the fight.

For like the dreadful hurricane
That sweeps the wild plateau,
Flushed with the triumph, yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the tempest of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
Across the surging plain,
For ne'er such fight before had waged
The fiery sons of Spain;

And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide —
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave,
The flower of his own beloved land
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too!

. . . . .

Full many a Northern breath hath swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above her mouldering slain;
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned on that dreadful fray.

Sons of "the dark and bloody ground,"
Ye should not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Must be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of the brave!

Now 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The soldiers' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon faithful herald's blazoned stone,
With mournful pride shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall mar one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

"NEARER HOME."

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer, death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Saviour, perfect my trust.
Strengthen the might of my faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

PHŒBE CARY.

THE SNOWSTORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm,
Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE UNFORGOTTEN FOE.*

CHARACTERS:

MARO — *A Banished Roman.* PAULUS — *A Christian.*

(*Enter Maro.*)

MARO. Alone, in this impenetrable forest!
No token of a human habitation,
Look where I may! My voice is hoarse with shouting.
No answer comes, save from some startled bird
Or creeping thing of prey. (*Calls*) Ho! Hear me! Ho!
Vain effort! Hark! The crackling of a bough!
A human footstep! Yes! Relief is nigh!
(*Enter Paulus.*)
Oh, welcome, stranger, whosoe'er thou art!
For I am lost in these bewildering thickets.
Most timely is thy coming.

PAULUS. And who art thou?

MARO. A Roman; once in power; now an exile —
A wretched outcast, plundered and forsaken;
Compelled to seek this rude and dangerous shelter.

PAUL. If thou art wretched and an exile, welcome!
I claim thee as a brother; and my heart
Throws opens all its doors to take thee in. (*Gives his hand.*)

MARO. Thou shalt not find me poor in gratitude,
Though otherwise a beggar. Is there not some place of refuge near us?

PAUL. On the border
Of this thick wood, I, with my wife and children,
Dwell in a place I will not call a house,
But where, at least, life's poor necessities
Of food and shelter may be had. The little
We have to share, thou shalt be welcome to.

MARO. How happens it that thou, a man whose speech
Proclaims thou'rt not a mere clod-turning peasant,
Canst in a wild like this content thyself,
Far from the guardianship and pomp of Rome?

* From "Sargent's Original Dialogues." By permission.

PAUL. The guardianship of Rome! The guardianship!
Great cause have I of gratitude for that!
For to Rome's fatal guardianship I owe
The massacre of kindred and of friends;
Of father, mother, brothers, butchered — butchered!
All in cold blood! and oh! for what?

MARO. How? Butchered?
By Rome's authority? A family
Peaceable and obedient to the laws,
And guiltless — butchered by authority?
O, when and where?

PAUL. Ten years ago in Rome!
O, last of all shouldst thou be ignorant?

(*Aside.*) Yes, it is he! none other.

MARO. Butchered by whom?

PAUL. By thee! By thee! Thou art the man! Thou, Maro!
The unjust judge, the craven magistrate,
Creature of Nero, purveyor of his brutal,
His fiendish cruelties! Thou art the man!
For what? For what was all that wealth of blood,
Of pure and innocent blood, poured out like water?
Because it ran in Christian veins!

MARO. Thou ravest!
My hands were never stained with Christian blood.

(*Agitated.*) You do mistake me for some other man.
I will depart. (*Going.*)

PAUL. Stay! One lie, more or less,
Cannot be much to thee. Thy cowering glance,
Thy trembling knees, belie thy faltering words.
Though I may be forgot, thou'rt not forgot.
Let me refresh thy memory a little.
Dost thou remember that eventful day,
In the great amphitheatre, when first
Thou wert informed, the famous Libyan lion,
The emperor's favorite, that dreadful beast
Which thou hadst ordered out, to tear in pieces
A white-haired man, Se-rénus Claudiánus,
(My father!) had been slain?
Dost thou recall the rage against the slayer?
Thou dost! I slew the beast — vain all disguise!
Thy brows are knit — thy teeth gnaw at thy lip
In impotent renewal of thy anger.

MARO. How — how didst thou escape?
PAUL. Ah, ha! thy words, —
Thy very words betray thee! even now,
If fear would let thee, thou wouldst plunge thy dagger
Here in my heart. But how did I escape?
I'll tell thee how. The man thou didst most trust
Became a Christian.
MARO. He! Servilius Dorso!
O, had I known it then!
PAUL. Poor baffled hound!
Dost thou regret, even in retrospection,
The relish of a disappointed vengeance?
Why do thy fingers work so? Ah! Thou wouldst,
But durst not! What are thy limbs and sinews
Compared with these that have been trained and tested
In wrestling with wild nature for my food,
With the fierce bear for life, or with the gale
Upon the lake for safety?
MARO. Do not abuse thy power! Forgive — forgive me!
PAUL. Forgive thee? Oh! have I not often revelled
In the anticipation of a moment
Like this now present — when I could have thee thus —
With no one by — when I could grasp thee thus —
(*Grasps him.*)
Thus — thus by the throat — and hiss into thy ear,
Remember old Se-rénus!
MARO. Mercy!
PAUL. Mercy!
Ay! even such mercy as thou didst show, abhorred one!
Show to that gray-haired man, his kneeling wife,
And his imploring children!
Thy only answer to their prayer was death!
Not a swift, easy death, but one of torture,—
Of horror, — in the amphitheatre, —
Torn by wild beasts! Dost thou dare plead for mercy?
MARO. (*Sinking on his knees.*) As thou'rt a man, be merciful!
PAUL. That plea
Will not avail.

MARO. Ah! then, as thou'rt a Christian!

(*A pause during which Paulus gently and gradually releases his hold and Maro rises.*)

PAUL. And dost thou venture to pronounce that name?
The sacred name, by thee so spurned and hated!
I thank thee for it, Maro! Ah! I thank thee.
The old, the Heathen spirit had possessed me
And driven out the very grace of Christ!
Thou hast recalled me to my better self.
The pent-up vengeance all explodes in words
Bloody oppressor, diligent murderer,
And persecutor of all Christian men,
As thou hast been, — with every hair of thy head
Steeped in my family's blood, — still, do not fear!
Thou'rt safe.

MARO. Thanks! thanks! (*Going.*)

PAUL. Why, whither wouldst thou go?

MARO. To find a shelter for the night.

PAUL. To perish!
What with the hungry wolf, the inclement air,
Slender thy chance of life!
Here! come with me, and thou shalt have a bed
In my poor hut, with food, and warmth, and safety.
Wilt thou not trust me?

MARO. Oh! thy wrongs have been
Too deadly for forgiveness!

PAUL. Knowest thou not
The Christian, if a Christian, must forgive,
As he would be forgiven by the Father!

MARO. But here forgiveness fails. I blame thee not.
For now, in this majestic solitude,
My crimes start up between me and all hope,
In their true outline — hideous, grim, unearthly!
I know it is not in the heart of man,
Where such wrongs cry aloud, to cast out vengeance!

PAUL. "Vengeance is mine! I will repay, saith the Lord."
I do forgive thee, Maro
The Christian's *act* shall tell thee what his *faith* is.
Not the dear child who hangs about my neck
And calls me *Father*, shall more tenderly
Be cared for and protected from all danger,
Than thou, if thou wilt come and be my guest.
Dost thou believe me?

MARO. (*Covering his face and weeping.*) Ah! I cannot help it.
The creed *must* be divine that works a change,
In both of us, like this.
My soul is flooded with sudden light!
Celestial guards environ!
I see, as in a vision, coming down,
The beauty and the sanctity of mercy, —
The truth of God and immortality, —
The might and glory of that law of love, —
That supreme law, eternal, absolute,
Which bade thee crush this proud and stony heart,
Melt and remould it *with forgiving words.*
O that I could blot out the hateful past!
O that I might cast off that weight of sin!

PAUL. This is no fitful mood.
'Tis Christ's own hand has led thee here, my brother,
And from that hand, with reverence, I accept thee
(*Takes his hand.*)
Do not despair! there's balm for you in Gilead
Hereafter, should I waver in my kindness,
Utter again that plea:
"As thou'rt a Christian." (*Exeunt.*)

EPES SARGENT.

THE CHARGE AT VALLEY MALOY.

UNDER the hickories' fluttering arch —
"Halt!" and we formed on the hill's green marge,
Clearly the order rang: "Forward, march!
Quick, Trot, Gallop — Charge!"
Down the decline, with a thundering rush,
Clattering sabre and fluttering rein;
Up with a dash thro' a belt of brush,
Out and across the plain,
Kept we no order of rank or file;
Never a rowel spared flank that day;
Charging the enemy's work a mile —
A mile and a half away.

Terribly regular musketry rang;
Cannon-shot bounded and ploughed along,
Shell and rifle-ball whistled and sang
Their horrible death-song,
Half of the last half-mile behind,
All of the squadron but one I led;
Harry's gray thoroughbred ran like the wind
Clattering just ahead.
Oh, the wild rush of that mad career!
Thunder of hoofs like surf on the shore,
Knightly as ever charged old cavalier,
Harry rode on before;

Turned in his saddle, so proud and fair,
Smiled when he saw that we two led;
Lifted his sabre-arm high in air,
Waved, and pointed ahead.
Not a breath after I saw him bound,
Heard his lips utter a quick, low cry,
God in his pity drive sight and sound
Out of my ears and eye!
Forward I spurred to a desperate pace,
Caught at him falling, with sickening dread,
Looked only once in the white, set face,
Knew that my comrade was dead!

Straight in my stirrups, I cursed them then,
Raved at them all for a dastard crew;
Dared and defied them to meet with men —
Cowards, and that they knew!
Breathing the batteries' horrible breath,
Grape-shot and canister sweeping the plain;
Caring no more for that storm of death
Than for an April rain!
Grief's burning passion my tongue discharged,
Hatred that broke in blasphemous yell.
At that mad moment I could have charged
Into the gates of hell.

Under a tree in a low, green place,
Peacefully babbling, a brook that flowed by;
Softly I laid him, his pale, dead face
Turned to the summer sky.

Down at his side, in the grass, I flung,
  Pressed the dear dead face up close to my own,
One maddened moment my heart was wrung,
  Then it was turned to stone.
Back I rode into the fight once more,
  Fought with the strength and rage of ten;
So may God never, till battles are o'er,
  Suffer that men fight men.

THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

'Twas near the break of day, but still
  The moon was shining brightly;
The west wind as it passed the flowers
  Set each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced to and fro
  A faithful night-watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched,
  His comrades all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced,
  His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
  Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah, ho! his heart was far away
  Where, on a western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
  The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
  Her blue eyes kindly beaming;
Above them, on her sun-kissed brow,
  Her curls like sunlight gleaming,
And heard her singing, as she churned
  The butter in the dairy,
The song he loved the best. That night
  The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
  When up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form, a little form,
  With faltering steps advancing,

And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder:
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, or child, or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign.
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he'd left behind him
Half-fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed: "my heart was breaking;
I could not stay a moment, but,
All other ties forsaking,
I travelled, by my grief made strong,
Kind heaven watching o'er me,
Until — unhurt and well?" "Yes, love,"
"At last you stood before me."

"They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover
Before day fairly came; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I told my name, I found
The way free as our prairie."
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said
"The countersign is 'Mary.'"

MARGARET EYTINGE.

PAT'S BONDSMAN.

"THE top av the morning to ye, Father Ray,
Ye sees it's meself as is sober the day
It's jist getting out of a schrape that I be,
And Mike, that's my b'y, he went bondsman for me.

"Shure I was in court jist a fortnight ago —
'Twas when I was over in Flannigan's Row;

And I had a fight with a neighbor or two —
They said it was murther that I was up to.

"But shure it was only a bit av a row,
And ashamed I am when I think av it now;
But one of the spalpeens fell over the stair,
And they said 'twas meself as had helped him down there.

"So they brought me in court, to his honor, Jedge Shaw,
He's a mighty hard one to come down with the law;
And the heart in my bussom could hardly kape still
When he read, 'Patrick Flynn, for attempting to kill.'

"And I trembled all over when he says to me:
'Have ye got any friends'll go bondsman for ye?'
'Nary one, plaze yer honor,' sez I; then he said,
In a voice that, I reckon, would most raise the dead:

"'Prisoner at the bar, as ye can't get no bail,
I am owthorized now to commit ye to jail.'
And then, Howly Virgin! what else should I see
But Mike walking straight to the jedge, and sez he,

"As he took off his hat, what was torn in the rim:
'Av ye plaze, Mister Jedge, *I'll* be bondsman for him.
I ain't got no money, but I'll go his bail,
And av *he* runs away you can put *me* to jail,

"'I ain't got no mother, she died long ago,
And left me to take care of father, ye know;
And what wud she say if ye put him in jail
'Cus he hadn't got no one but me for his bail?

"'He's good as can be when he's not drank a drop,
And maybe if somebody asked him, he'd stop;
He didn't push Bill; I was there, and I see;
Av ye plaze, Mister Jedge, let me father go free.'

"Saints bless the child forever! The jedge sez, sez he:
'My b'y, I 'quit your father, and both av ye are free
The bail is all-sufficient; it satisfies the law.'
'Hurrah!' spoke out the people; 'three cheers for Justice Shaw!'

"And the jedge had some tears in his eyes, I allow,
When he walked up to me, and sez he, with a bow:
'I've let ye off aisy this time, Patrick Flynn;
For the sake av that youngster, don't come here agin.'

"So I've taken the pledge now, yer Riverence Ray,
On account of the b'y, and I'm sober the day;
It *was* a bad schrape, and I'd niver got free,
Only for Mike going bondsman for me."

LILIAN A. MOULTON, *in Youth's Companion.*

WHAT SAVED THE UNION.

Fourth of July Speech of General Grant at Hamburg.

I SHARE with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far away from home should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did, under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore it is a mistake and a reflection upon the people to attribute to me, or to any number of us who hold high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, and so did hundreds of thousands of others. We demand no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.

WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

In the year one thousand one hundred and twenty, King Henry the First, of England, went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.

Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur for the voyage home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the king Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain and said:—

"My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterward, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen.

He went aboard the White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown! My father, the

king, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the king, if we sail at midnight!"

Then, the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts, It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock — was filling — going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered; "and row to land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship the prince heard the voice of his sister, Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was? He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de L'Aigle. And you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold, benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By-and-by, another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long, wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! Gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried "Woe! woe to me!" and sunk to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat — the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost, with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterward was seen to smile. CHARLES DICKENS.

"MEBBE" JOE'S TRUE FEESH STORY.

OLD Joe, familiar to visitors on the Canadian side of the Thousand Islands, is a mighty teller of mighty stories, in a tedious manner, and with a French accent which lent them a charm all their own.

"Well," said Joe, on one occasion, when his fares had been telling anecdotes of singular recoveries of things lost, "once there was an American young couple came here on their honeymoon — ah, she was a beauty that, sixteen years — mebbe seventeen — mebbe eighteen years old, and he was devoted to her like nothing. Well, and so those young couple hired me to take them out in my boat one evening, and that young woman she had on a diamond ring — ah, that was a beautiful ring, worth a thousand dollars — mebbe two thousand dollars, mebbe three thousand dollars. Well, and so that young woman was playing with her hand in the water — so! — mebbe five minutes, mebbe six, mebbe

seven — and all at once she screams, 'My ring! My r-r-ring!' Well, and so that rings had slipped off her finger and gone down into the lake. The water was deep —thirty feet deep, mebbe forty, mebbe fifty — and she was deestracted, My, I was sorry; I could 'ave cry. And that young fellow, her husband, but he was sorry, too! And he says he will give me five hundred dollars — mebbe six hundred, mebbe seven hundred — if I find him that rings. But what was the use, eh? Well, and so we turned the boat about, and I was rowing home — my, it would have made you sorry to see that young woman! — when z-z-zing goes the fishing-line I had over the stearn of the boat. Well, and so I pulled in the feesh. My, that was the biggest feesh I ever caught — two feet long, mebbe two and a half, mebbe three — and when I hauled him into the boat there was a great, g-g-great big lump on his side, like as mebbe if he had swallowed somethings. And that young womans,— my, how oxcited she was! she just scr-r-reams cut, 'O, do open those feesh — I am sure it must have swallowed my rings.' And her husband, he tried to make fun of her; but no, sare, that young womans — hello, was that a feesh jumped there? (Pauses in his rowing and gazes eagerly in the distance).

Omnes.— Never mind the fish, go on with the story.

Joe.— Well, and so that young womans prevailed upon her husband to buy that feesh and have me open it, no matter what it coss — a dollar, mebbe two, mebbe three — and so I take my knife and I open that feesh. Mebbe you think it was a lie, but I have lived here twenty-two years, mebbe twenty-three, mebbe twenty-four, and I never heard anything like it. Well, and so I opened that feesh, and (resting on his oars and lowering his voice to the sub-cellar of solemnity) what you think I find in that fish?

Omnes.— The ring! the ring!

Joe, resuming his rowing.—No-o; it was a little bit of brick!

There was a dead silence for some moments, and then the old boatman added, deprecatingly:

"Mebbe you think it was a lie? No; that was the truth I was tolling you!"

BIG BEN BOLTON.

I REMEMBER big Ben Bolton, and the little Leontine,
He could carry off a millstone, but she ruled him like a queen.
He stood seven feet in his stockings; she was hardly three feet high:
But she wound him round her finger, and she ruled him with her eye.

The women used to snicker, and the hardy miners smiled,
To see the brawny giant with the gentle little child.
And the gamblers, up from 'Frisco, when they saw them, used to swear
That they looked as fitly mated as a rabbit and a bear.

He would drop his pick and shovel when she came in working hours:
They would go among the gulches after gay and gaudy flowers;
He would climb the dizzy ledges, he would scale the mountain side,
Bearing her upon his shoulders, while he called her "little bride."

He could bend an iron crowbar, he could lift a half a ton,
He could twist a wagon-tire, or the barrel of a gun,
With his fingers; but it often used to make us laugh
When we saw Leontine lead him as a butcher leads a calf.

When the hard day's work was over, when the crescent silver moon
Arose above the mountain pines, we met at "Blood's saloon,"
When Ben Bolton used to give us exhibitions of his skill
In bending iron crowbars or in twisting of a drill.

One day Ezekiel Parsons sent to 'Frisco on the sly
And bought a bar of tempered steel, for brawny Ben to try.
The boys who understood the game came down to Blood's one night,
And stood serenely round the bar and waiting for the sight.

Ben Bolton grasped the bar of steel, he brought it to his knee,
And like a locomotive puffed, the trick he could not see;
The sweat ran down his honest face, upon his hands he spit,
He tugged and worked with all his might, it would not budge a bit.

Ezekiel Parsons shook his sides, the boys all laughed aloud,
Ben lost his reputation and had to treat the crowd.
It cut him so completely, and it made him feel so mean,
He quit the camp next morning with the little Leontine.

A storm comes up the valley, a cloud bursts on the hills,
The stream becomes a river, that sweeps away the mills.
And downward through the hollow the maddened torrent roars,
O'er rocks, through glens and gulches, and mining camps it pours.

A cry comes from the hollow, and rushing down the ridge
The miners see Ben Bolton like a giant at the bridge.
The water settles about him, the bridge rocks to and fro;
He holds it with a crowbar — in a minute it must go.

Beneath the narrow ledge near by, with bright dishevelled hair,
They see the little Leontine — her hands are clasped in prayer.
The structure quakes, the strong man shakes, no fear is in his face;
"Ho! save the child," he shouts aloud, "I'll hold the bridge in place."

Zeke Parsons bounds upon the bridge, the women wail with fear;
He lifts the child in his strong arms, the miners loudly cheer;
He leaps upon the trembling logs, the waters round him roar;
He slips, he falls, he creeps, he crawls, he springs upon the shore.

The child is saved, Ben Bolton, but who will help you now?
The crowbar in your brawny hands breaks like a rotten bough,

And down the glen goes bridge and man, with broken logs and stones
That rend and gash his stalwart form and crush and break his bones.

Adown the hill the miners run, with outcries of despair:
They find him wedged between the rocks, and hanging helpless there.
They bear his mangled form away, without the glen they pass
With words of pity and of love, and lay him on the grass.

The crimson blood runs down his face, he shudders and he sighs;
His pale lips move, he moans, he groans, then to a comrade cries:
"I've saved the little Leontine, be kind to her, dear Joe,
I'm bent and broke, Zeke Parsons, for I'm ready now to go!"

His head drops limp and lifeless down, his eyes grow dull and dim,
His broad breast heaves, a shiver runs through every broken limb.
Then, with a smile upon his lips, he sinks upon the sod,
And the soul of brave Ben Bolton is at peace with man and God.

EUGENE J. HALL.

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

THE dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft airs delicious breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours;
The moon is high:
See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice decked with vines — a tremulous ray
Strolls out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not!
Within two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands now
Of joys and sights
For the swift coming years!

Two rosy lips with innocent worship part:
List! be thou saint — or skeptic, if thou art,
Thou must have ears:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Doth it not noiseless ope
The very floodgates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee? for her sweet sake,
Who, with strong hope,
Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper "Now I lay me," o'er and o'er
As thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor —
Forget them not!
From many a festive hall
Where flashing light and flushing glances vie,
And, robed in splendor, mirth makes revelry —
Soft voices call
On the light-hearted throngs,
To sweep the harp-strings, and to join the dance,
The careless girl starts lightly, as perchance,
Amid the songs,
The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low,
Before her rest,
That single infant prayer;
Once more at home, she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there
With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;
Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins, through Christ, may be forgiven!
Then comes the prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead,
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower;
The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, 'mid woods and streams,
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first beams,
A cabin rude — the white fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest; —
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart —
"Now say your prayer, my son, before we part:"
And clasping his great hand — a child once more —
Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war —
Thus hear him pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

MARY A. DENISON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE POOR WOMAN.

"I'D like to see the President,"
A timid woman said.
A poor and tidy gown she wore,
And on her whitening head
A bonnet, faded as her hair,
But comely still with decent care.

Around, on costly couches, sat
Statesmen of high degree,
And, conscious of their greatness, she
Stood back most patiently,
Till some coarse menial, with a smile,
Whispered that she must wait awhile —

Then muttered "green," with many a wink,
Till every glance was turned
On the poor woman, gray and old,
While hot her thin cheeks burned
With wounded feelings, griefs and fears,
And her dim eyes were filled with tears.

And still the hours rolled onward — still
The mighty came and went —
But all neglected stood the dame,
Nor saw the President;
While those whom fortune favors told,
Their pompous tales of fame and gold.

And so the sun came fainter down
Upon the brilliant floor;
The aged woman started at
The opening of a door,
And one who caught her haggard eye
All sudden stopped, through sympathy.

"Oh, sir," she said, "these many hours
I've waited patiently;
Perhaps the President cannot
Be seen by such as I;
I'm poor, and old, and careworn, too,
And he has burdens not a few."

The stranger turned — a sudden light
Seemed kindled in his eye;
He spoke with kindly tone and mien,
With gentle gravity —
"*They should have sent you in to me*
Before they did the rest," said he.

The old dame flushed with quick surprise, —
Was this the nation's chief?
This grave, tall man, who, pitying, said,
"Come — tell me all your grief,
The poor and needy never went
Unaided from the President."

She told her simple tale — he heard
With royal gentleness;
Then, as her wrongs his interest woke,

He promised her redress,
And, gazing on the silvered head,
He smiled to see her comforted.

Thank God!" and freely fell her tears;
"Our land is blest," she said,
"When one who honors poverty
Stands nobly at its head.
If an old woman's benison be
Of any weight or worth to thee,

I give it, from a grateful heart,
And Heaven will surely hear,
God bless thee, Abraham Lincoln — bless
All that thou holdest dear,
And make thee glorious in the land
Now smitten by the oppressor's hand.

And make thee strong to dare to do,
Even though the proud condemn,
And keep thee honest, brave and true,
Till thou hast conquered them;
And ere thou diest thou shalt see
Through God's good grace, a nation free."

"PICCIOLA."

It was a Sergeant, old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
'Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and staves were sung,
And 'kerchiefs white were countless whirring.

They only saw a gallant show
Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And in the fierce heroic glow,
'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The Sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;
But glancing down beside the road
He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her;
"Why weepest thou, my little chit?"
And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit,"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated,
"When all the village cheers us on,
That you, in tears, apart are seated?

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song,
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And Father, Mother, Brother, too,
All say 'Hurrah' while I am crying;

"But think, O Mr. Soldier, think
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight;
And may be killed, as well as others."

"Why, bless thee, child," the Sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like you
To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "bless thee," once again he cried,
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage;
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone, of all the village,

The oak and cedar bend and writhe
When roars the wind through gap and braken;
But 'tis the tenderest reed of all
That trembles first when earth is shaken.

"FALL IN."

SEE, see! yon gleaming line of light,
The enemy's bayonets bristle bright;
O boys, there'll be a fight to-night,
Fall in!

Under the woods of frozen larch,
Under the night sky's icy arch,
It ends at last, the dreadful march,
Fall in!

Fall in! No bivouac to-night;
Beneath the stars so still and bright,
The glistening bayonets glitter white;
Fall in!

Fall in! We're hungry, bruised and torn;
With snow and rain beaten and worn,
Yet "ready for duty" we've proudly sworn;
Fall in!

A second for dreams! Under our eyes,
O see, how softly they seem to rise,
The hills of home and her summer skies!
Fall in!

One sigh for home, for the fair face pressed
Close to the heart, 'neath the rugged vest,
The face of the one we love the best.
Fall in!

O say, for a flash shall the brown face pale,
The quick, young nerves in their warm life quail,
To meet the thud of leaden hail?
Fall in!

The storm of shells, the bullet's whir,
The clash of sabre no fear can stir;
We fight for freedom, for home, for her.
Fall in!

Ever with steady step we go,
With rifles ready in serried row,
Into the face of the insolent foe,
Fall in!

Our hearts up-leap in passionate pain,
O see, they fall, our heroic slain,
The enemy's masses charge and gain!
Fall in!

Fall in! the eager bugles beat;
Fall in! March on with prescient feet,
Smite low the foe, where the armies meet;
Fall in!

To front! Its ranks are red and thin,
The victor flaunts his banner of sin;
O comrades, forward! to die or win,
Fall in!

MARY CLEMMER.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.

LATE one evening I was sitting, gloomy shadows round me flitting —
Mrs. Partington, a-knitting, occupied the grate before;
Suddenly I heard a patter, a slight and very trifling matter,
As if it were a thieving rat or mouse within my closet door;
A thieving and mischievous rat or mouse within my closet door —
Only this, and nothing more.

Then all dreaminess forsook me; rising up, I straightway shook me,
A light from off the table took, and swift the rat's destruction swore.
Mrs. P. smiled approbation on my prompt determination,
And without more hesitation, oped I wide the closet door;
Boldly, without hesitation, opened wide the closet door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

As upon the sound I pondered, what the deuce it was I wondered;
Could it be my ear had blundered, as at times it had before?
But scarce again was I reseated, ere I heard the sound repeated,
The same dull patter that had greeted me from out the closet door;

The same dull patter that had greeted me from out the
closet door;
A gentle patter, nothing more.

Then my rage arose unbounded — "What," cried I, "is
this confounded
Noise with which my ear is wounded — noise I've never
heard before?
If 'tis presage dread of evil, if 'tis made by ghost or devil,
I call on ye to be more civil — 'stop that knocking at the
door!'
Stop that strange, mysterious knocking there, within my
closet door;
Grant me this, if nothing more."

Once again I seized the candle, rudely grasped the latchet's
handle,
Savage as a Goth or Vandal, that kicked up rumpuses of
yore —
"What the dickins is the matter," said I, "to produce this
patter?"
To Mrs. P., and looked straight at her. "I don't know,"
said she. "I'm shore;
Lest it be a pesky rat, or something, I don't know, I'm
shore."
This she said, and nothing more.

Still the noise kept on unceasing; evidently 'twas increasing;
Like a cart-wheel wanting greasing, wore it on my nerves
full sore;
Patter, patter, patter, patter the rain the while made noisy
clatter,
My teeth with boding ill did chatter, as when I'm troubled
by a bore —
Some prosing, dull, and dismal fellow, coming in but just to
bore;
Only this, and nothing more.

All night long it kept on tapping; vain I laid myself for
napping,
Calling sleep my sense to wrap in darkness till the night
was o'er;
A dismal candle, dimly burning, watched me as I laid there
turning,

In desperation wildly yearning that sleep would visit me once more;
Sleep, refreshing sleep, did I most urgently implore;
This I wished, and nothing more.

With the day I rose next morning, and, all idle error scorning,
Went to finding out the warning that annoyed me so before;
When straightway, to my consternation, daylight made the revelation
Of a scene of devastation that annoyed me very sore,
Such a scene of devastation as annoyed me very sore;
This it was, and nothing more: —

The rotten roof had taken leaking, and the rain, a passage seeking,
Through the murky darkness sneaking, found my hat-box on the floor:
There, exposed to dire disaster, lay my bran-new Sunday castor,
And its hapless, luckless master ne'er shall see its beauties more —
Ne'er shall see its glossy beauty, that his glory was before;
It is gone, for evermore!

B. P. SHILLABER.

KELLY'S FERRY.

HAVE you read in any book, heard anybody tell,
Of the gallant Third Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Bell,
So like in shaggy ruggedness a mountain full of lairs,
That when they cheered you never knew the Buckeye from the bears!
Ah! they loved the River Danger, as Satan loves to sin;
Just drew their belts another hole, and then they waded in —
Waist deep, chin deep the fellows went, nor drew a doubting breath;
No halting for an order, nor touch of hat to death!
"Go in!" and "Third Ohio!" their battle-cry and faith.

Their talk was rough as boulders are, and when they named the flag,
They christened it "Old Glory," or just "That blessed rag;"

Somebody fell — "passed in his checks" — was all they had
to say;
"God's country" was the happy land of "boiled shirts,"
every day;
They told of "wooden overcoats," and rude, board coffins
meant,
And thought they were a snugger fit than any Sibley tent;
But count the ragged blouses up, be sure the tale is true,
Each hides a handful of a heart beneath the tattered blue,
That always played the forward, march! and never beat
tattoo.

One Derby day, they rode a raid, and never drew the rein;
They rode as if they never meant to ride that route again.
The long, clean sweep of a trenchant blade where bonny
flags burned blue,
And not a rift in all that field to let a star-beam through.
Down came a mantle broad and deep, as comes the dusk of
night,
In folds of gray and butternut, and swept them out of sight,
And swept them from their saddle-bows, and set their faces
South,
And made a Daniel of the troop for Richmond's lion mouth,
And shrivelled shut the bannered star like daisies in a
drouth.

"But why not tell it as it was?" I hear a fellow shout.
"Just make a finish of the thing, and say they bowled us
out —
One swallow, and the regiment was fairly gobbled up —
Scooped by the blasted Johnny Rebs, like water in a cup.
They brushed us clean of cavalry, the infantry of clothes,
And left the Third Ohio boys as naked as a nose."
For heavy baggage only hearts, each haversack was lank;
Nor flag, nor fife to cheer along the dull, disastrous rank;
Ah! deader than the march in Saul, a canteen's empty clank.

Along the road the weary miles lay quivering in the sun,
While naked Noon, with brazen blows, did weld them into
one,
That naked feet must measure off before the work was done.
The days and boys crept slowly on — 'twas thirst, and
starve, and tramp,
Until they tumbled, supperless, beside a Southern camp.

The Fifty-fourth Virginians came, like long-flanked leopard cats,
With dingy pipes of corn-cob in their shapeless, battered hats,
And, lean as stakes, they stood around, and watched the novel sight
Of colors struck, and empty hands, and "Yankees flying light."

Not long they gazed, but bolted with an "Old Dominion" whoop,
Promoted in a twinkling to a commissary troop!
You heard the click of coffee-mills, the merry bayonet stroke;
The camp was turbaned like a Turk with wreaths of cedar smoke;
Then came the clang of frying-pan, the kettle's tambourine;
They routed out the lazy fires, and tucked the "dodgers" in;
The martyred bacon made complaint, and clouds of incense rose —
Oh! sweeter than the censer's swing to gain a soul's repose,
The Boys in Gray forgot that night the Boys in Blue were foes.

So sped the night in brotherhood, and when the dawning came,
They tucked two figures in their hearts, two figures and a name —
And hand met hand in soldier grip, no word of courtly thanks:
One said, "Good-bye, Virginia," and one, "Light out, you Yanks."
Still war's wild weather ruled the year, November to July;
Deep thunders in the Cumberland, and lightnings in the sky.
The raiders were their own again; to Lookout back they came;
They told the tale a thousand times, it ended all the same.
The "Fifty-fourth Virginia" toasts set heart and cheek aflame,
And cheers flew wild, like sparks of fire — two figures and a name.

The Hawk's Nest hatched great broods of blue; they chipped the butternut shell,
And fluttered up the rugged ridge against the gates of hell —

How fierce and grand the flight and swoop, let Chattanooga tell.
Lo! 'mid the captives whirling down, their faces toward the North,
All wrapped like kittens in a cloak, Virginia's Fifty-fourth!
With bodies lean and faces long, they trailed in straggling rank,
And clustered like bepollened bees upon the river bank.

There on the lazy Tennessee the Third Ohio lay,
From Kelly's poor old ferry a rifle-shot away;
The sturdy boys were "keeping house" amid the mountain glooms,
And the smoky Sibley cones, like a rainy night's mushrooms,
Had spread their gray umbrellas, with narrow streets between,
And a flicker of a bayonet, a glitter of canteen,
As flitting spots of indigo pinked out the living green.

A lounging Buckeye took a look, saw "Old Virginia" come,
And broke for camp with lively feet, as drumsticks beat a drum.
Before he struck the picket line, he emptied every tent;
He never stayed for stock or stone, but shouted as he went —
What golden bugles should have blown, and made "a joyful noise:"
"THE FIFTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA IS AT THE FERRY, BOYS!"
Three minutes, and the camp had swarmed: they bought the sutler out,
And brought their treasures to the light and strewed them round about,
And nothing but a night surprise could raise so wild a rout.

The kettle filled with Araby upon their muskets swung;
A bag of "hard-tack," tough as tiles, upon a shoulder slung;
A slab of bacon, broad and brown, as if it came from mill;
And so the laden caravan went filing down the hill.
The hosts were guests, the guests were hosts, and this alone was new;
The standard blazed with all its stars above the "bonny blue."

With winking camp-fires' dancing lights and dew drops' beaded shine,
The night air mantled rich and red as old Madeira wine,
Toned down the mellow pictures, and made it half divine.

Arms won the game at Mission Ridge, and played the hand alone;
At Kelly's Ferry hearts were trumps, and *everybody* won.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw materials for *settlers* abroad.
Some West India island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chose for this scheme so romantic;
And such the success the *first* colony met,
That a *second* soon after set sail o'er the Atlantic.
Behold them now safe at the long looked for shore,
Sailing between banks that the Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
They had sorrowed to lose, but would soon again meet.
And hark, from the shore a glad welcome there came —
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"
While Pat stood astounded to hear his own name
Thus huzzaed by blackey, who capered for joy!
Can it possibly be? Half amazement, half doubt:
Pat listens again — rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
"Father's blood! only think, black and curly already!"
Deceived by that well mimicked brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in those wool-headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into *niggers*.
Tis thus, but alas, by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories —
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.
And thus when I hear them "strong measures" advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
I say, while I listen with tears in my eyes,
"Father's blood! only think, black and curly already."

MOORE.

MR. MURPHY EXPLAINS HIS SON'S CONDUCT.

THAT boy, do ye mind, isn't yet seventeen,
Ye'd imagine in tricks of the world he was green;
He'd always such gintle and innocent ways
He made me belave him as good as you plaze,
An' now I find out that for three months at laste,
That boy's been indulgin' his love-making taste,
It's Nora McCarty, the daughter of Tim,
Who seems to possess an attraction for him.
The two are about of the same age and size.
She's a dacent young thing, wid a pair of black eyes
That twinkle and seem to be laughin' when sure
The rest of her face looks extremely demure.
Though she's elegant teeth to be shown by a smile,
An' her black hair is banged in American style,
An' in truth, altogether, she looks mighty fine,
For to be makin' love wid that Johnny of mine.
Sure I'd never have found out the sacret from him,
But I learned it by going to call upon Tim;
The night it was dark — 'twas a little past eight —
An', as quietly walking I came to the gate,
I heard whispered talkin', an' afther, a sound
Like a fut comin' out o' the mud. I looked round,
An' beheld the young lovers in hivenly bliss.
He'd his arm round her waist an' was takin' a kiss.
Well, I sazed the young rogue be the ear, and sez I:
"Now what are yez doin'?" He tried to reply.
I hollered: "Hi! not a dang word from yer head:
Ye jist thravel home an' go right to yer bed.
An' for you, miss — " I said — I was thrying to look
An' spake very sternly, by way of rebuke —
"You know that your father an' mother'd be wild
If they were to learn of this thrick of their child."
An' thin Nora spoke an' I thought I could hear
A sound in her voice that was much like a tear;
"Oh, plaze, Mr. Murphy, forgive us, you might,
It's my fault, not Johnny's." Bedad, she was right!
But I tried to look stern, an' I said "It is sad
That two children like you should be actin' so bad;
An' I niver must hear of such actions agin!

Now you, Johnny, go home, an' you, Nora, run in."
They ran. I should rightly have taken a shtick
An' have bate the young divil to pay for the thrick.
But indade I can't blame him for kissin' the elf,
Be me love of ould Ireland, I'd do it meself!

VARIEGATED DOGS.

"How do you and your pa get along now," asked a storekeeper of the bad boy, as he leaned against the counter, instead of sitting down on a stool, while he bought a bottle of liniment.

"Oh, I don't know. He don't seem to appreciate me. What he ought to have is a deaf and dumb boy, with only one leg and both arms broke. Then he could enjoy a quiet life. But I am too gay for pa, and you needn't be surprised if you never see me again. I talk of going off with a circus. Since I played the variegated dogs on pa there seems to have been a coldness in the family, and I sleep on the roof."

"Variegated dogs," said the storekeeper, "what kind of a game is that? You have not played another Daisy trick on your pa, have you?"

"Oh, no, it was nothing of that kind. You know pa thinks he is smart. He thinks because he is forty-eight years old that he knows it all, but it don't seem to me as though a man of his age that had sense, would let a tailor palm off on him a pair of pants so tight that he would have to use a button-hook to button them, but they can catch him on everything, just as though he was a kid smoking cigarettes. Well, you know pa drinks some. That night the new club opened he came home pretty fruitful, and next morning his head ached so he said he would buy me a dog if I would go down town and get a bottle of polly-nurious water for him. You know that dye-house on Grand Avenue where they have got the four white spitz dogs. When I went after the penurious water I noticed they had been coloring their dogs with the dye-stuff, and I put up a job with the dye-man's little boy to help me play it on pa. They had one dog dyed pink, another blue, another red, and another green, and I told the boy I would treat him to ice-cream if he would let one out at a time,

when I came down with pa, and call him in and let another out, and when we started to go away to let them all out. What I wanted to do was to paralyze pa and make him think he had got 'em, got dogs the worst way. So about ten o'clock, when his head got cleared off, and his stomach got settled, he changed ends with his cuffs, and we came down town, and I told him I knew where he could get a splendid white spitz dog for me for five dollars, and if he would get it I would never do anything disrespectful again, and would just set up nights to please him and help him up stairs, and get seltzer for him. So we went by the dye-house, and just as I told him I didn't want anything but a white dog, the door opened and the pink dog came out and barked at us, and I said "that's him," and the boy called him back. Pa looked as though he had the colic, and his eyes stuck out, and he said, "Hennery, that is a pink dog," and I said, "No, it is a white dog, pa," and just then the green dog came out, and I asked pa if he wasn't a pretty white dog, and pa he turned pale and said, "No, boy, that's a green dog. What's got into the dogs?" I told him he must be color blind, and was feeling in my pocket for a strap to tie the dog, and telling him he must be careful of his health or he would see something worse than green dogs, when the green dog went in and the blue dog came rushing out and barked at pa. Well, pa leaned against a tree-box, and his eyes stuck out like stops on an organ, and the sweat was all over his face in drops as big as kernels of hominy. I think a boy ought to do everything he can to make it pleasant for his pa, don't *you?* And yet some parents don't realize what a comfort a boy is. The blue dog was called in, and just as pa wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and rubbed his eyes, and put on his specs, the red maroon dog came out. Pa acted as if he was tired, and sat down on a horse-block. Dogs *do* make some people tired, don't they? He took hold of my hand, and his hand trembled just as though he was putting a gun wad in the collection plate at church, and he said, "My child, tell me truly, is that a red dog?" A fellow has got to lie a little if he is going to have any fun with his pa, and I told him it was a white dog, and I could get it for five dollars. He straightened up, just as the dog went in the house, and said "Well, I'm floored," and just then the boy let all the dogs out and sicked them on a cat, which run up a shade-tree

right near pa, and they rushed all around us, the blue dog going between his legs, and the green dog trying to climb the tree, and the pink dog barking, and the red dog standing on his hind feet. Pa was as weak as a cat, and told me to go right home with him and he would buy me a bicycle. He asked me how many dogs there were, and what was the color of them. I s'pose I did awful wrong, but I told him there was only one dog and a cat, and the dog was white. Well, sir, pa acted just as he did the night Hancock was beat, and he had to have the doctor to give him something to quiet him (the time he wanted me to go right down town and buy a hundred rat-traps, but the doctor said never mind, I needn't go). I took him home and ma soaked his feet, and give him some ginger tea, and while I was gone after the doctor he asked ma if she ever saw a green dog. That was what made all the trouble. If ma had kept her mouth shut I would have been all right, but she up and told him that they had a green dog, and a blue dog, and all colors of spitz dogs down at the dyer's. They dyed them just for an advertisement, and for him to be quiet, and he would feel better when he got over it. Pa was all right when I got back and told him the doctor had gone to Wanwatosa, and I had left an order on his slate. Pa said he would leave an order on my slate. He took a harness tug and used it for breeching on me. I don't think a boy's pa ought to wear out a harness on his son, do you? He said he would learn me to play rainbow dogs on him. He said I was a liar, and he expected to see me wind up in Congress. Say, is Congress anything like Waupun or Sing-Sing? No, I can't stay, thank you, I must go down to the office and tell pa I have reformed, and freeze him out of a circus ticket. He is a good enough man, only he don't appreciate a boy that has got all the modern improvements. Pa and ma are going to enter me in the Sunday-school. I guess I'll take first money, don't you?"

And the bad boy went out with a visible limp, and a look of genius cramped for want of opportunity.

PECK'S SUN.

NO PRECEDENT.

A JOLLY old fellow was Isaac O. B.;
Very large, very fat, very fond of a spree.
Very fond of his glass, very fond of his smoke,
But fonder by far, than all these, of his joke.
To a political barbecue Isaac once went,
And with other good fellows the day gaily spent
In eating and drinking, which did not agree
With the spacious interior of Isaac O. B.,
For, on arriving at home and going to bed,
With stomach o'erloaded and very light head,
He was soon taken ill, and was so short of breath
That he thought he was called by the grim angel Death.
So he sent for a doctor renowned for his skill,
Who hearing that Isaac was fatally ill,
Did not tarry a moment, but unto him sped,
And found the old gentleman groaning in bed,
With feet very hot, and his face very red,
And crying out, "Surely I soon shall be dead."
"Oh nonsense! Pooh, pooh!" said the skilful M. D.,
"Your case is not hopeless, my dear Mr. B.
In fact 'tis quite simple. The cause is most plain,
And you'll soon be as right as a trivet again."

"No, doctor," groaned Isaac, "I'm stricken by Death;
He has got me now sure — Oh? I haven't got breath
To tell how I suffer." Oh! come now, sir, come,"
Said the doctor, 'tis plain that you must suffer some,
But your pulse is not high, you will come to no harm,
For no man ever died with his feet like yours, warm."
"I know of a case," gasped Isaac O. B.,
"So your statement does not at all reassure me,
I know of a man, and his name I'll repeat —
John Rogers, the martyr, he died with warm feet."

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY.

"DIDN'T the fox never catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn brer fox did. One day after brer rabbit fool 'im widdat calamus root, brer fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a tar-baby, en he tuck dish yer tar-baby en he sot er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news wuz gwinter be. En he didn't hat ter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come brer rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity-dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer fox, he lay low. Brer rabbit come prancin' long twel he spy de tar-baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonishe. De tar-baby, she sot dar, she did, en brer fox he lay low.

'Mawnin'!' sez brer rabbit, sezee; 'nice wedder dis mawnin', sezee.

"Tar-baby ain't sayin nuthin', en brer fox, he lay low.

'How duz yo' sym'tuns seem ter sêgashuate?' sez brer rabbit, sezee.

'Brer fox, he wink his eyes slow, en lay low, en de tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

'How you come on den? 'is you deaf? sez brer rabbit, sezee. 'Kase if you is, I can holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

'You er stuck up, dat's w'at you is', says brer rabbit sezee, 'en I'm gwinter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwinter do,' sezee.

"Brer fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but tar-baby ain't sayin' nothin'.

"I'm gwine ter larn you howter talk ter 'spectubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack'; sez brer rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat en tell me howdy, I'm gwinter bus' you wide open'; sezee.

"Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

"Brer rabbit keep on axin' him, en de tar-baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y brer rabbit draw back wid his fis; he did, en blip he tuck er side er de head. Right dars whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fi's stuck, en he can't pull loose de tar hilt 'im. But tar-baby, she stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

'Ef you den't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin; sez brer rabbit, sezee, en wid that he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han; en dat stuck. Tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin; and brer fox, he lay low.

'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you; sez brer rabbit, sezee, but de tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'; she des hilt on, en den brer rabbit loose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer fox, he lay low. Den brer rabbit squall out dat ef de tar-baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den brer fox, he sa'ntered fort; lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

'Howdy, brer rabbit'; sez brer fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin'; sezee, en den he rolled on de groun; en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo; "I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, brer rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuses,' sez brer fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say jedge b'ar come 'long en den loosed 'im some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin,' you better run 'long."

HARRIS.

THE CAPTAIN'S TALE.*

ONE day in March, 1869, while we was layin' in port off Bunbury, in Western Australia, I was ashore; and I see a nice lookin' young fellow, about twenty-four years old, eyein' me pretty sharp. He was at work on a chain-gang. Watchin' his chance, he says to me. "Are you the mate of that whaler?"

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Then,' says he, 'has the priest said anything to you about me?'

* From "A SUMMER IN THE AZORES," by C. ALICE BAKER. Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

"'No,' says I.

"'Well, he's goin' to,' says he, and passed on quick.

"The priest follered right along, and asked me if I'd ever seen that young man before.

"'Never to my knowledge,' says I.

"Then he told me it was Doyle, a Fenian prisoner; that he had been confined in Dartmoor prison in England for seven months, and then sent to Australia for life; that he'd been there goin' on 'leven months, and he wanted to get off. And the upshot of it was the priest offered me five hundred dollars to get him off.

"I told him I didn't want his money. If he'd been a thief or a murderer I wouldn't have tried to helped him anyway; but I couldn't make out that he'd committed any crime; so the priest and I, we fixed it that the next day, when my ship got under way, I should pick him up in the yawl — and I did.

"It beat all how quick everybody on board took to that fellow — he was so pleasant, and such a handsome young chap.

"Well, come August, we had to put into Rodrigues for water. It was that, or die of thirst. That's not far from Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean.

"By this time the news of Doyle's escape had got ahead of us and was known all over the world. It was just before sunset when a boat from shore come alongside, and her officer boarded us.

Doyle was standing just as near me as I be to you, when the officer up and says to me: 'Have you got a man aboard by the name of Doyle?'

"I kind of thought a minute — it seemed if 'twas about an hour — and then I says, 'No,' says I, very quiet; 'we did have a fellow aboard by the name of Brown, but he died two months ago at Java.'

"He looked at me a minute: then says he, 'Well, you've got some ticket-of-leave men aboard, haven't you?'

"I was mighty glad he asked me that; for I thought it would take up his attention and give me a little time to think.

"'I can't say as to that,' says I.

"'Well, says he, 'call your men up from forrard and we'll soon find out.'

"'No,' says I; "I don't wan't nothin' to do with that

kind of business. You can look for yourselves if you like.'

"So he and his gang went forrard and hauled out the stowaways, and put 'em aboard their boat, and pulled ashore, appearin' to be satisfied.

"As soon as they were gone, Doyle, half crazy, says to me; 'My God! it's all up with me! What can I do? They'll come back for me, but I'll never be taken alive!'

"I knew he meant what he said; for the priest had told me he'd tried to commit suicide, and, if he couldn't escape, had determined to kill himself. I calmed him down: told him to go below and keep out of sight, and I'd try to think up something: but says I, 'You shan't be taken as long as I can stand by you.'

"I knew very well that as soon as they got ashore those ticket-of-leave men would blow on him; and I really didn't know what to do. Things looked black.

By this time it got to be dark, and I sat down by myself to think. Then I remembered a kind of locker under the stairs, where the steward sometimes kep' the dishes he wasn't usin'. I knew they'd never find him there. Then I went to Doyle and told him to go and find a little grindstone there was on the ship, while I kep' the men busy forrard. When I come back I'd stop a spell and talk with the steward; and when he heard me talkin' he must throw the grindstone and his hat overboard, and give a shriek and then run and stow himself in the locker.

"When I come along back I stopped and says to the steward, 'I don't know what will happen when those fellows come aboard to-morrow morning, Doyle will never be taken alive. He'll kill some of 'em and kill himself: he threatened to do it in Australia.'

"Just then we heard a great splash and a scream. 'What's that?' says I.

"It's Doyle," says the steward; 'he's thrown himself overboard.'

"Everybody heard it. The captain was off that day. I rushed aft, told the other officers and ordered out the boats, The men felt terribly. Every one of 'em was fond of him. We got out four boats and swept that harbor for hours. I was the last boat in. When I got aboard I found the second mate leanin' over the ship's side, crying bitterly. 'He's gone, poor fellow! here's his hat,' says he; 'the men have just picked it up. We shall never see him again.'

"There wasn't a wink of sleep on board that night. The next morning I put the flag at half-mast. Everybody was solemn as death, Doyle's wet hat lay on the hatchway. They all thought he was dead.

"The captain come off to see what was the matter. I told him the story — how we heard the splash, got out the boats and picked up Doyle's hat. Right in the midst of it the officers from Rodrigues come aboard to claim their man. We told 'em the story and showed 'em the wet hat. They never offered to search the vessel. They see how bad the men felt; and they believed it all and pulled off.

"Late that afternoon we got our water all aboard and bore away to sea. I waited till we was almost out o' sight o' land: then I says to the captain: 'I guess I'll go below and get a cigar.' I went, and hauled the step away; and there was Doyle, all in a heap. I can see that fellow's face right before me now, white as chalk, eyes as black as night. He looked like a wild man.

"'What now?' says he, trembling all over.

"'Come out of that,' says I.

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'Don't stop to ask questions, man,' says I. 'Get out of that and come up; you're safe for this time. Land is almost out of sight.'

"He crawled out, and we went on deck together. 'Now,' says I, 'go and shake hands with the captain.'

"I went to the side of the ship and stood there smokin', and pretendin' to be scannin' the horizon. I see the captain give one look at Doyle: a kind of scared look. He thought it was his ghost. Then he wrung Doyle's hand and burst out cryin' jest like a baby. Pretty soon he looked at me. I never said a word. 'Did that fellow have anything to do with it?' says he."

SPECULATION.

HAZARD, a careless fellow known
At every gambling-house in town,
Was oft in want of money, yet
He could not bear to run in debt.
Was oftentimes, when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner.
This day in rags, the next in lace,
Just as it chanced, by six or ace.

One day when cruel fortune's frown
Had stripped him of his last half-crown,
Sauntering along in sorry mood,
Hungry — perhaps for want of food,
A parlor-window struck his eye,
Through which our hero could espy
A jolly round-faced personage,
Somewhat about the middle age,
Beginning a luxurious meal
Upon a noble loin of veal!
Such a display, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention.
"Surely," thought he, "I know that face,
I've seen it at some other place —
Ah! I recall, 'twas at the play
Where I o'erheard some people say
How rich the fellow was, and best
A handsome daughter he possessed.
Could I but now strike out some way
To get an introduction! Eh?
Most likely I'll in vain endeavor,
But boldly I will try, however.
He thunders "rat-tat" at the door,
The footman wakens from a snore,
And hurries out to stop the din.
"Pray, sir, is your good master in?"
"My master, sir's, at home, but busy."
"Then he's engaged," quoth Hazard, "is he?"
In voice as loud as he could bellow.
"I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
It happens so, because I could
Your master do a little good.
A *saving* speculation that I know
Might show a thousand pounds or so.
No matter, friend, your master tell
Another day will do as well."
"What's that you say?" the master cries,
With pleasure beaming in his eyes,
And napkin tucked beneath his chin,
Appearing quickly from within,
Lured by those joy-inspiring sounds
Of saving him one thousand pounds.
"My good friend! what is that you say?"
"O sir, I'll call another day.

Your dinner I've disturbed, I fear."
"O pray, sir, take your dinner here.
"You'll find a welcome warm and hearty."
"Indeed, sir, I should spoil your party."
"There's not a soul but I and you."
"Thanks, then, I don't care if I do!"
So kindly by his host entreated,
Behold our hero at the table seated,
And paying off as well as he might,
The keen demands of appetite.
And there content to sit and chatter
'Bout this and that and t'other matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pounds of his to mention.
And now "the King and Constitution,"
With ill success to revolution,
With many a warm and loyal toast
Had oft been given, when our good host
With gleaming eyes took time to say,
"Let us begin the order of the day —
I think you gave some intimation
About a saving speculation —
A matter which you chance to know
Saves *me* a thousand pounds or so."
"Ah! Yes, my speculation's simply this:
You have a daughter, sir, a pretty miss."
"What can my daughter have to do
In this affair twixt me and you?"
"She is the means of my intention
For giving you the sum I mention."
"The deuce; what project's in your pate?"
You've no objection to the marriage state?
"Not if she marry with my own consent."
And, if so married, what is your intent?
What sum might it be in your power
To give with her by way of dower?"
"Well, if she marry on such grounds,
I'll give with her — ten thousand pounds" —
"Ten thousand, sir, I think you say?" "I do."
"What, sir, on the marriage-day?" "That's true."
"Then, quickly, sir, let her be mine.
I'll take her off your hands with *nine*,
And that I'm sure you'll call good grounds,
Of saving you 'one thousand pounds.'"

A CLEAR BARGAIN.

Scene from an Old Play.

CHARACTERS:

HANS WILLIAM — JOSEPHINE.

H. WIL. Good morning, young lady.

Jos. It is rather afternoon than morning.

H. WIL. Not where the day breaks so brightly.

Jos. Very gallant, truly. May I take the liberty to ask ——

H. WIL. Who I am? I am a queer fellow.

Jos. Well, but queer fellows have names.

H. WIL. Mine is Timothy Trifle, at your service; plain Timothy with the men — dear Timothy with the women.

Jos. With all of them?

H. WIL. With all who wish to please me. And now, what is your name?

Jos. My — name is Louisa Rose. I am a poor clergyman's orphan, who lives in this house. Perhaps you have business with Mr. Von Snarl.

H. WIL. No — but I have with his daughter.

Jos. With his daughter.

H. WIL. They say she has a great fortune; and, about six weeks ago, says my mother one evening to me, "Dear Timothy, you are a poor fellow, and must make your fortune by marriage."

Jos. Very wisely.

H. WIL. Very motherly, you mean. "There's Mr. Von Snarl," says she, "your father's old school-fellow, has a most charming daughter." I dare say you must know her.

Jos. Oh, to be sure; I know Josephine as well as I know myself.

H. WIL. Is she handsome?

Jos. When she consults her looking-glass, she thinks so.

H. WIL. Is she like you?

Jos. She is not handsomer than I am.

H. WIL. I like that — she has no need. Has she good sense?

Jos. Not enough to prevent her from talking.

H. WIL. Well, I like that. Is she kind-hearted, good to the poor?

Jos. Oh, Lord! the poor get nothing in this house, if I do not give it them.

H. Wil. I don't like that. Is she grave or lively?

Jos. As wild as a young colt.

H. Wil. Ay, then she'll just do for me.

Jos. But there's one thing, Mr. Queerfellow, with your "I like that, and I don't like that," that's against you; Josephine's hand is promised.

H. Wil. To whom?

Jos. To a young man at Amsterdam — one Hans William.

H. Wil. Oh, I know him. I'll rid her of that booby.

Jos. What sort of a man is he?

H. Wil. He! A stupid, pedantic fellow, with a full-bottomed wig.

Jos. Oh, Lord!

H. Wil. A shrill voice and bandy legs.

Jos. Oh, Lord! *I* don't like that.

H. Wil. *You* don't like it? How does it concern *you* then?

Jos. Oh, it's nothing at all to me, to be sure — only for my friend's sake. (*Aside.*) So I had nearly betrayed myself. Do you wish to see my father, sir?

H. Wil. *Your* father?

Jos. My friend's father, I mean. (*Going.*)

H. Wil. Hold, hold a moment (*looks steadfastly in her face*). Your name is Louisa Rose. It may be; there's not a rose-bed in Christendom that would refuse to own you; but deuce take me if I believe you. Shall I tell you your real name?

Jos. Well, what is it?

H. Wil. Josephine.

Jos. And what makes you suppose so?

H. Wil. I don't *suppose* — I am certain.

Jos. And now, sir, I desire to know whether you are Hans William or Trifle?

H. Wil. Which do you wish?

Jos. Neither. Can you speak the truth?

H. Wil. Certainly.

Jos. Do it then this moment.

H. Wil. I am in love with you.

Jos. Psh! who asked you that?

H. Wil. Have you settled what day will be convenient for our wedding?

Jos. What, then you are determined to marry me?

H. Wil. Positively.

Jos. And have you spoken to my father?

H. Wil. Yes.

Jos. And what said he?

H. Wil. He requested me never to put my foot over his threshold again.

Jos. Indeed! and what induces you to refuse him such a trifling request?

H. Wil. I do not. I mean to take him at his word, only I design to take you with me.

Jos. Are you quite sure of that?

H. Wil. Quite.

Jos. Without letting me know who you are? When a man intends to rob an honest girl of her name he should at least provide her with another.

H. Wil. Nay, I give you your choice of two.

Jos. Well, then, your name is not Trifle?

H. Wil. No more than yours is Louisa Rose.

Jos. Why did you wish to impose on me?

H. Wil. I'll tell you. Your father and mine have treated our love a little too much in a mercantile manner.

Jos. Our love!

H. Wil. I did not wish to contradict my father, and as my heart was free, I neither promised nor refused, but I was determined first to take a look at you. If I had not liked you, I should have been off again in a moment; but — here I am still; and, to own the truth at once — I do like you.

Jos. You're very flattering.

H. Wil. And, therefore, meaning to be a dutiful son ——(*advances towards Jos.*)

Jos. Hold! hold! not in such haste, perhaps I may have a mind first to look at you too.

H. Wil. With all my heart. (*Turns round.*)

Jos. The outside is well enough; but who will answer for the inside?

H. Wil. That you'll find out after the wedding.

Jos. A clear bargain, *my* father says, prevents quarrels. Suppose we agree to tell our own faults to one another, and then try if we can be friends.

H. Wil. With all my heart.

Jos. Well, do you begin.

H. Wil. First, I am hot-headed and passionate.

Jos. That may be cured by good temper on my part.

H. Wil. I'm careless.

Jos. That will be cured when you have a wife to look after.

H. Wil. I am vain.

Jos. That you must only be of me.

H. Wil. I shall be vainer than ever if I win you for my wife.

Jos. Well, that I'll forgive. Proceed.

H. Wil. That is all.

Jos. Oh, then you may be endured.

H. Wil. I hope so; and now it's your turn to tell your faults.

Jos. I have none.

H. Wil. None at all?

Jos. Girls have no faults before marriage.

H. Wil. And after marriage?

Jos. Have none but in the eyes of their husbands.

H. Wil. So we have settled our accounts already?

Jos. Hold! hold! there are a few other things to be discussed. Have you no bad habits?

H. Wil. None that I know of.

Jos. How do you pass the day when you are at home?

H. Wil. I have a foolish custom of my country; I like a pipe for an hour or two.

Jos. I cannot endure it; you must give up the pipe.

H. Wil. I shall find that difficult, perhaps.

Jos. As you please; I can play with my lap-dog while you are smoking.

H. Wil. Your lap-dog!

Jos. I can leave him when you leave your pipe.

H. Wil. I give up the pipe.

Jos. I give up the lap-dog. Well, proceed with the day.

H. Wil. I love to dine at two.

Jos. I hate to dine till four.

H. Wil. For your sake I can dine an hour later.

Jos. To oblige you I would dine an hour earlier.

H. Wil. Then at three.

Jo. Agreed.

H. Wil. After dinner I take a nap.

Jos. And I take an airing.

H. Wil. Without me!

Jos. I cannot take your bed in my carriage.

H. Wil. But suppose I don't sleep?

Jos. Then I don't go out.

H. Wil. In the evening I go to the club.

Jos. And I invite company.

H. Wil. Whom I don't know.

Jos. I cannot ask your club into my apartment.

H. Wil. Then I shall stay at home.

Jos. And I shall have no company but those whom you invite.

H. Wil. Well, so far we proceed cordially; but I have one bad habit I own not so easy to get rid of; you will overlook it I dare say; I cannot help falling in love with every pretty woman I see.

Jos. Oh, that's of no importance at all.

H. Wil. Indeed! Well, that's very good-natured. (*Nettled.*)

Jos. I cannot be otherwise than good-natured on that head, because I have exactly the same fault.

H. Wil. Eh!

Jos. I cannot help liking every handsome man that comes in my way.

H. Wil. What!

Jos. I like to hear men pay me compliments.

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. Make protestations to me——

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. Swear solemn vows to me——

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. To be sure; what is the matter with you? You dislike it, *do you?*

H. Wil. Suppose we both leave off this last trick?

Jos. How is that to be managed?

H. Wil. Suppose I have no eyes but for you?

Jos. To that I consent.

H. Wil. Suppose you have none but for me?

Jos. That will be the consequence of the other.

H. Wil. Say you so? then give me your hand in earnest.

Jos. Yes; but you must first obtain my father's leave to step over the threshold.

H. Wil. (*Snatches her hand and kisses it.*) Come along, my charming girl, I'll obtain your father's leave to do everything that you bid me, as long as we live.

[*Exeunt.*

GARIBALDI AND HIS COMPANIONS.

It is meet that we should turn, for a moment, from our accomplished and triumphant liberty, and send a greeting to those who are struggling so bravely for the freedom of their Italian homes. But what can I say, on this theme, to you who have just been thrilled by the silver tones and golden words of the great orator of America, the great orator of the age? Nothing could have added force to his eloquent eulogy upon Garibaldi, except the generous warmth of your eloquent applause.

As we read, from time to time, and shuddered as we read, the atrocities of Bourbon tyranny in Italy; the judicial butcheries, which were the mockery of justice; the lingering torments inflicted upon men of whom the world was not worthy; the brutal horrors, which I cannot even name, — we were almost tempted to lose our faith in an overruling Providence. We were ready to cry out, in the language of the Psalmist, "Awake! why sleepest thou, O my God?" The fit reply to our doubts would have been, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." See, even now, the arm of Omnipotence laid bare for the rescue of Italy! Behold the sufferings of her children made the instrument of her deliverance!

Believe me, no groan, nor sigh, wrung from her dying patriots in the torture-chambers of Naples or Palermo, was ever breathed in vain. He spends his life well who dies for the right, whether in the van of battle or in the gloom of a dungeon. He who watches the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and counts the beatings of our thankless hearts, never suffered anything to be lost so precious as a drop of martyr blood.

You remember how Garibaldi, in the hour of Italy's despair, recruited his forces. "I offer you hunger, thirst, want, wounds, danger, death: whoso will choose these for liberty, let him follow me!" — words that might create a nation. A little band of heroes accepted these terms: but they did not come alone. When he descended from the heights around Palermo to strike that noble blow for freedom, —

"Of which all Europe rings from side to side,"

he was attended not only by a handful of daring adventurers; legions of martyrs thronged around his standard.

The dead fought for the living. In his armory were "exultations, agonies;" the groans of tortured patriots; the dying prayers of heroes; all the noblest feelings of our nature; indignation against wrong; pity for suffering; admiration for courage: — these were the invincible and irresistible artillery, before which the ramparts of despotism were levelled to the ground.

And, when the cruel cowards pointed their cannon against the homes and hospitals of Palermo, sending death among innocent children and unoffending women, every shot did the errand for freedom. Now, when the tyrant crouches, in turn, before each of the great powers of Europe, and begs for aid against his revolted subjects, they answer him, — even Russia, even Austria, answer him, — "No, by bombarded Palermo, — no, by all your foul outrages upon humanity; we leave you to struggle alone with your risen people, alone against all the sympathies of man." Thus, once more, does the blood of the martyrs become the seed of the church of liberty.

RUSSELL.

PERICLES TO THE PEOPLE.

IMAGINE yourself at Athens, among that strange people of feverish blood, who deify to-day the man they slaughtered but yesterday. The voice of the herald proclaims that Pericles is to be arraigned before the tribunal of the people. Borne along by the crowd, you enter the hall of justice. Not a sword rattles in its scabbard; not a mailed foot rings on the marble floor; one deep, intense, ominous silence pervades that dangerous assembly, as Pericles, rising, thus addresses them: —

"Ye men of Athens, I come not here to plead for life, though it be spent in exile; to entreat for a breath, though it be drawn in the damps of a dungeon; but to refute a vile slander; to show that he who invents and propagates a falsehood, like Sisyphus, rolls a stone to return and crush him. Cratinus accuses me of having embezzled the money raised for the defence of Greece, and of having expended it in adorning the city of Athens, as a proud and vain woman decketh herself with jewels.

"Have I not defended Greece, while Sparta and the allies were reposing in comfort by their own firesides? He avers

that I was often at the house of Phidias to admire his statues, but insinuates that I had a softer motive. Suppose I had: rather let him show in what I have betrayed my country; when I have oppressed the poor, polluted myself with bribes, or turned back in the hour of battle. He accuses me of sacrificing the lives of brave men to my vaulting ambition, and even affects to shed tears over those who fell, in the flower of their youth, at Samos.

"Sacrificing! Were they machines to move at my bidding? bullocks to be dragged up and offered at the altar of Mars? Were they Persian mercenaries, to be driven with whips to the conflict? or were they patriots defending their firesides, and I their elder brother? They were the descendants of those who fell at Marathon,— men whose youthful locks had been worn off by the helmet, and whose fingers grew to the sword-hilt.

"The parents of those brave men did not with reddening cheeks behold them lying on some feverish couch, like a sick girl, crying for cooling drinks; but they died with their wounds in front, the broken sword in their hand, and the shout of victory ringing in their ears. Oh, yes! one hour of glorious conflict — when the blood leaps, and the muscles rally for the mastery; when the hero's soul wings its way through gaping wounds to Elysium — is worth a whole eternity of sitting in senates and dull debates, and private bickerings, and tame, common life.

"One day, as we were making forced marches across the isthmus in pursuit of the Lacedemonians, a woman, following the camp as a sutler, with a child at her breast, fell and expired from fatigue. A soldier raised his spear to dispatch the infant. Moved with compassion, I struck down his weapon; for I thought of my own little ones at home, whose kisses were scarcely yet cold on my lips, and, even in the confusion of pursuit, provided him with a nurse.

"On my return, he accompanied me, grew up with my children, fed at my table, slept in my tent, and fought behind my shield. As a reward for life, education, and a thousand anxious cares incurred, he has now, by false accusation, summoned me to the tribunal of my country, to plead for that life which has ever been held cheap in her service. What shall be done with such a wretch? I hear you exclaim, send for the executioner! burn him to ashes! fling him from the Acropolis!

"Cratinus, thou art that wretch; and yet methinks thou

hast not altogether the noble bearing of the patriot, who rejoices that he has been able to bring to justice the betrayer of his country; but thou hast rather the look of some timid shepherd, who, in chasing the stag, and pursuing the goat, has, all unwittingly, stumbled upon the lair of the lion, and, too terrified to flee, stands shivering before the glaring eye-ball of the tawny brute.

"Thou small thing, I will not hurt thee; for, in the proud consciousness of right, I could even pity thee. And, when again thou liest among the slain at Megara, thy helmet cleft, the lance of the enemy at thy throat, and thou with not strength enough to parry it, then call for Pericles, and he will *again* come to thy rescue. Farewell, thou grateful child! thou faithful friend! thou manly enemy!"

KELLOGG.

ROLAND GRAY.

"THE snow is on the ground, the storm is overhead,
And I am here once more to say what I so oft have said;
You'll answer now, nor longer leave my longing heart to break;
The time has come, nor come in vain, when I must hear you speak."
But mute as though she heeded not still silent Janet stands,
Her troubled eyes far gazing, as she clasps her nervous hands.
"How like a ghost you look, Janet! I pray you answer me."
With fevered lips and white wan cheeks she murmured fearfully:
"O God, protect all Christian souls this Christmas eve at sea!"
A dark frown deepened on his brow, his face grew all aflame;
His hot blood stirred, and fierce, though low, his smothered accents came:
"Why, dearest Janet, so say I, and all men good and true;
But your wild words no answer make to what I've said to you.
For five long years I've loved you well; full five long years to-day!"
"For five long years," she softly said, "have I loved Roland Gray!"

There flashed a rash oath from his lips — he cast her hand aside; —
"If e'er you've prayed, pray well to-night for Roland's soul," he cried;
Then forth into the sullen night he went with angry stride.

But soon 'mid boomings long and loud, men's souls are thrilled and stirred;
A cry of help comes from the sea; the minute-gun is heard.
Crowds gather on the hill-tops; and again, again, again,
The booming cannon calls for help, but calls, alas! in vain.
Black darkness shrouds the boisterous sea, and hides the distant skies,
But none can stretch a hand to save, the darkness blinds their eyes.
And still the minute-gun booms out, and loud the wild waves roar,
While brave hearts strain and struggle; hearts that ne'er knew fear before
Quail now — they feel the horrors of a wreck on leeward shore.

Day dawns — and by the shuddering sight, as the darkness rose,
Is seen a noble vessel beat by ocean's angry blows;
While Janet wanders on the beach, or climbs the rocky steep,
Her eager eyes now reaching o'er the dread, mysterious deep.
The crew have taken to their boats long ere the day had broke;
One man alone stands on the deck, a noble heart of oak;
A frozen calm is in his face — he lifts his eyes to pray —
The royal Cygnet was the ship, her captain, Roland Gray.
Spare him, O God! let him not die, not die this Christmas day!

The Christmas bells were sending forth sweet music on the air,
When Janet's eye beheld him with a wild and dumb despair,
While helpless, terror-smitten crowds look down with bated breath,
And watch the seething, swirling waves stretch forth their arms of death.

But one there stood among them, scowlingly, by Janet's side,
His dark face bent above her, as she watched the foaming tide.
"What will you do now, Janet, if the life you love I save,
And all for love of you I dare for him a watery grave?"
She laid her cold hand in his palm — no other answer gave.

A thousand voices rang applause, as, lowered to the wreck,
A moment more he stood beside his rival on the deck;
He seized him in his stalwart arms — with murder in his eye.
He went to slay him, not to save; by him must Roland die.
They writhe and strive together, and while reeling to and fro,
Roll from the groaning vessel to the boiling sea below;
And there they wrestle, life for life, like giants in a fray,
While dark, grim death above them waits and watches for his prey;
But one man lived to reach the land — and that was Roland Gray.

THE SILVER CUP.

THE palace of the duke was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them as bright as midday. Almost priceless tapestry glowed upon the walls; and beneath the feet lay the rich fabrics of Persia. Rare vases of flowers stood on the marble stands; and their perfume went up like incense before the lifelike pictures shrined in their frames above.

In the great hall stood immense tables, covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the sideboard glittered massive plate, and the rich glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now high and bold, floated in through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jewelled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvet. Courtly congratulations fell from every lip; for the duke had taken a new step in the path to power.

Wit sparkled, the laugh went round; and his guests pledged him in wine that many years had mellowed.

Proudly the duke replied. But soon his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion; for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first-born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling rose from his seat, and meekly knelt before his father. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face; and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," said he, "I last night learned a lesson which sunk deep into my heart! Let me repeat it; and then, if you desire it, I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer standing at the door of a gay shop. The earnings of a week were in his hands. His wife and famishing little ones clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. But his thirst was strong; and he tore himself from them; and but for the care of strangers his starving family would have perished!

"Passing a splendid mansion, I saw a noble and majestic form descend the wide steps. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was fair and lovely; but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty.

"I saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair! When I returned, her husband, with haggard looks, lay helpless on a couch; and the heart-broken wife sat weeping beside him!

"Once more I paused. A carriage stopped before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold; and the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moonbeams. I waited for its owner to alight; but he did not move, and gave no orders.

"Soon the servants came crowding out. Sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms; and I saw that some of the jewels were torn off his mantle; and his plumed cap was torn and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace; and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine! I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

The astonished duke, placing his hand gravely but kindly upon his son's head, answered, "No, my son, touch it not! It is truly poison. It fires the brain, darkens the intellect, and destroys the soul! Put it away; and you shall grow up wise and virtuous,— a blessing to yourself and country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face; and, moved by the same impulse, all arose, while one of the number thus addressed the intrepid boy.

"You have indeed done nobly! The just rebuke you have so boldly given shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated your father upon the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France and of himself!"

The haughty courtiers bowed a cordial assent; and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his heart; and even now, among the treasured relics of the family is numbered that "silver cup."

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